

The Enterprise.

VOL. 3.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1898.

NO. 51.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
6:56 A. M. Daily.
9:27 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:12 A. M. Daily.
12:43 P. M. Daily.
2:57 P. M. Daily.
7:59 P. M. Sundays Only.
SOUTH.
7:24 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
7:59 A. M. Sundays Only.
11:13 A. M. Daily.
4:05 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
7:05 P. M. Daily.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

First car from Ferry for Baden Station leaves. 7:35 A. M.
First car from 30th Street for Baden Station leaves. 8:12 A. M.
First car from Holy Cross for Baden Station leaves. 8:50 A. M.
Last car leaves Ferry for Baden Station. 4:35 P. M.
Last car leaves 30th Street for Baden Station. 5:12 P. M.
Last car leaves Holy Cross for Baden Station. 5:50 P. M.
First car leaves Baden Station for City. 9:00 A. M.
Last car leaves Baden Station for City. 6:00 P. M.
Cars run between Holy Cross and Baden Station every 20 minutes from 6:50 A. M. to 5:50 P. M.

COUNTRY AND MAIN LINES.

Last car leaves Holy Cross for Ferry. 10:50 P. M.
Last car leaves Ocean View for Ferry. 11:43 P. M.
Last car leaves 30th Street for Ferry. 12:00 M.
Last car from Holy Cross leaves the Ferry at. 11:22½ P. M.
Last car from Golden Gate Park to 18th and Guerrero. 12:03 A. M.
Last car leaves Ferry for 30th Street and Sunnyside only at. 12:30 A. M.

NOTE
10:26 P. M. from 30th Street goes to Colma only
11:27 P. M. from 30th Street goes to Ocean View only.

All Country Line Cars leaving 30th Street except the two above named will run clear through to Holy Cross Cemetery.

PARK LINE

Last car from 18th and Guerrero to Golden Gate Park. 11:27 P. M.
Last car from Golden Gate Park to 18th and Guerrero. 11:50 P. M.

STR. CAROLINE. CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abattoir, South San Francisco, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Returning to the city the same day, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North. 7:45 4:15
" South. 7:00 7:00

MAIL CLOSING.

North. 8:50 6:30
South. 6:15 6:15

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. T. Duncan Ferguson every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Regular meetings of the South San Francisco Republican Club will be held at the court room, at 8 o'clock p. m. every Thursday during the present political campaign.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every second and fourth Wednesday, at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Regular meeting of the Baden Democrat Club will be held at the Merriam Block, at 8 p. m. every Monday evening.

Regular meetings of the Maguire Democratic Club will be held at the Armour Hotel at 8 o'clock p. m. every Monday.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck. Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain. Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger. Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
H. W. Walker. Redwood City
ASSASSOR
C. D. Hayward. Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
J. F. Johnston. Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield. Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker. Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Rita M. Tilton. Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe. Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert. Redwood City

Sultan's Uncle Seized.

Tangier (Morocco).—Serious disturbances have taken place in Tangier, which is one of the greatest subdivisions of the empire and is used as a place of banishment for political offenders. A large body of rioters captured the uncle of the Sultan, and according to the latest advices received, were attempting to seize the Sherifian treasure.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

Important Information Gathered Around the Coast.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A Summary of Late Events That Are Rolled Down to Suit Our Busy Readers.

The engineers of the S. F. & S. J. V., Cal., road are inspecting the Tejon pass.

At Biggs, Cal., 550 acres of hemp this year has yielded the growers from \$120 to \$200 per acre.

Near Fresno, Cal., a body of land comprising over 25,000 acres is being planted in wheat.

The Northern Pacific Railway Co. has reduced its passenger rates 20 per cent in the State of Washington.

Coast lumbermen have advanced the price of lumber from \$9.50 and \$10 per M to \$11, cargo delivered.

English purchasers have secured the Coalinga wells of Fresno county, Cal., for a locally stated price of \$300,000.

The citrus fruit crop of southern California for the season amounts to 15,000 carloads, representing \$4,000,000.

The stock of oil on hand October 1 in the Los Angeles field and in storage was 16,000 barrels less than on September 1.

A \$25,000 paper manufacturing plant is to be erected on the Truckee river, twenty miles from Reno, Nevada.

Track is laid on the Visalia, Cal., division of the Valley Road to Corcoran Junction, twenty-four miles from Visalia.

The Oregon Short Line will lay 10,000 tons steel rails on the main line from Glenn's Ferry, Idaho, to Huntington, Or.

Custom house receipts in San Francisco the first week of October were \$91,095.08, a total since January of \$4,627,704.32.

The value of five exportations of henequen from Merida, Mexico, in August to New Orleans, New York and Hongkong amounted to \$1,606,088.40.

Three hundred tons of grapes on the vines in Santa Clara Co., Cal., have been sold for \$6 a ton. That price is considered equal to about 15 cents a gallon for wine.

The Stockton & Tuolumne County, Cal., Railroad Co. will issue bonds to the extent of \$1,000,000, payable forty years after date and bearing 6 per cent interest.

Track laying on the Utah & Pacific Southwest from Milford to Pioche, Nev., was begun on the 11th. Pres. McCune says it will never be stopped until the road gets to the Pacific.

The Esquimalt & Nanaimo railway has been extended to Oyster Bay, eleven miles from Nanaimo, B. C. The shipments of coal during August from Vancouver island were 75,700 tons.

The engineering work on the Sacramento river, Cal., undertaken by the Commissioner of Public Works, is progressing. The five dikes at the Newtown shoals and the overflow weir at the mouth of Feather river are nearing completion.

The controlling interest in the Spokane & British Columbia Telephone and Telegraph line from Spokane, Wash., to near Roseland, B. C., was sold last week to O'Brien, Reddin & Co. for \$255,000.

The government of New Zealand offers a prize of \$10,000 for improvements in the process of treating the native fiber (Phormium tenax) or New Zealand flax. The successful competitor will not be required to surrender title to his invention.

Bids have been asked for by the Interior Department for work on the Buttes reservoir in Pinal county, Arizona. The construction of this dam means the conserving of water sufficient to reclaim more than 300,000 acres in the valleys of the Gila and the Santa Cruz.

The Territory of Hawaii, U. S., has authorized the sale of \$30,000 of bonds to erect and improve the system of water works. Bids for the construction of the pumping works and for the necessary water pipes and mains will be asked from constructors and manufacturers on the coast.

At Tacoma, Wash., the Tourist Hotel, under construction by the Northern Pacific Land Co., was burned on the 11th inst. There had been expended on the structure up to date \$600,000. On September 20th the Tacoma woolen mills burned, with a loss of \$30,000.

Stockton, Cal., reports an increased flow of natural gas, which is to be utilized to operate gas engines, which in turn generate electricity for light and power service. The cheapness of this natural gas has also reduced the cost of fuel. Numerous wells have been sunk of late, but the supply does not seem to diminish.

The Pacific Car Equipment Company

has incorporated in San Francisco, capitalized for \$250,000, of which \$223,000 has been subscribed by J. H. Thompson, \$75,000; A. C. Rumble, \$75,000; W. D. Huntington, \$30,000; R. Gorrill, \$10,000; M. L. Requa, \$10,000; G. H. Strong, \$10,000; F. W. Fry, \$20,000; H. L. Huntington, \$20,000.

The recording at San Bernardino, Cal., last week of a trust deed from the Pacific Borax & Redwood Chemical Works to the Indian & General Investment Trust of London to secure a second mortgage of \$750,000 was the close of the recent deal which transfers the works from Alameda Co., Cal., to the Atlantic side of the continent.

The construction of the jetties at the Newtown shoals, on the Sacramento, Cal., river, near Rio Vista, will soon be completed. The work has been done by the Commissioner of Public Works, in accordance with plans approved by the War Department. It consists of a series of windmills so placed as to concentrate the flow of the river. The effect, it is believed, will be to greatly increase the scouring action of the current, so that the deposits of sand and silt which compose the shoal will be cut away.

Gov. Brady of Alaska, who has returned from an official tour of the Pribilof islands, says of them and of the Aleutian islands: "They are destined to become the home of countless herds of cattle and sheep. Some of the islands have not a stick of timber on them, but are covered all over with a luxuriant growth of grass, affording the finest kind of pasture land for cattle and stock."

The contract for building the Central Railway of Coahuila, Mexico, has been awarded to the Coahuila Central Construction Company, Mexico City. Sixty-two miles of standard gauge road will be laid with 55-pound rails. The company, according to the report from Mexico, will also build a hotel and smelter at Saltillo, for which valuable concessions have been granted by both the Federal and the State Governments.

It is again asserted that arrangements have been perfected between the North German Lloyd Steamship Company and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe system of railways for a through line by rail and steamer from New York via San Francisco to Japan and China, and that the extension of the S. F. & S. J. Valley road from Bakersfield to Los Angeles, Cal., will give a through line independent of the Southern Pacific system from New York to San Francisco.

Electrical power from the Sooke mountains, eighteen miles distant from Victoria, B. C., is completed. The water from the mountains starts 2300 feet above the level of the sea, and is the highest fall in Canada. About 700 feet above sea level, and sixteen miles from Victoria, these waters form a lake covering 150 acres, into which empties Goldstream river, which is tapped three miles from its source by an artificial lake or reservoir, covering 7½ acres, 1122 feet above sea level. From this reservoir the water passes through a steel pipe, 33 inches in diameter, 6700 feet to the power house of the electric company, which is 460 feet above sea level, thus giving a fall of 1000 feet from the main lake, supplying 1500 H. P.

According to the new treaty of commerce and navigation between Japan and the United States of America, the subjects or citizens of each country shall have liberty freely to come with their ships and cargoes to all places, ports or rivers in the territories of the other, which are or may be opened to foreign commerce. Osaka is a distributing center for merchandise in the central part of Japan, and absolutely controls the local trade in the southwestern part of the empire, but cannot be considered the most important export port. The new treaty is to go into operation July 17th, '99, and to remain in force for a period of twelve years thereafter; if either party shall have the right to give notice to the other of its intention to terminate the agreement, and at the expiration of twelve months after such notice is given, the treaty shall wholly cease and determine.

The Hawaiian Commercial & Sugar Company has decided not to increase its capital stock from 100,000 to 150,000 shares, as was proposed. A detailed report states that the total liabilities are \$644,466.52, including operating expenses of \$140,000 until December 31, 1898, \$256,491.52 liabilities matured and \$247,975 liabilities incurred, part of which will not mature until June 30, 1899. The assets amount to \$357,264, including \$349,564, the market value of 4976 tons of sugar afloat, at \$70.25 per ton. On January 1, 1899, after having paid all expenses of operation of every kind up to that time and after setting aside sufficient money to pay for all the improvements authorized by the stockholders at their last meeting, the company will be in debt \$287,202.52. The new crop of sugar, estimated at 17,000 tons, will then be ready for milling. The value of this crop is estimated at the present price of raw sugar at \$11.194,250.

Great Frauds Unearthed.
Valparaiso.—Frauds amounting to millions of dollars have been discovered in the arsenal. Senor Navarre, the chief accountant, has committed suicide.

ALONG THE YUKON.

Winter Posts on the Trail to Dawson.

A SEMI-MONTHLY DOG TRAIN.

An Enormous Fortune Realized by Men Who Drove Beef Cattle Into the Klondike Country.

Tacoma, Wash.—The Arctic Express Company has completed arrangements for maintaining a semi-monthly dog train mail and express service to Dawson over the ice, commencing November 1. A few weeks ago a large scow loaded with lumber and eighteen carpenters started down the Yukon. It has left a trail of substantial winter cabins behind it. Every fifty miles the scow would tie up to the bank and in two days its carpenters would construct a cabin 16x24 feet, even to floor and chinking.

Following the carpenters' scow others loaded with provisions were sent down. Each cabin was given a supply of food of every kind. During the winter these supplies will be sold to parties coming out over the ice. The last scows took the employees, many of whom had their wives with them. Several relays of dog teams will be kept at each station.

The list of stations and the distance between from Bennett to Dawson follows: Tagish Post, 55 miles; White Horse, 50 miles; foot Lake Lebarge, 58 miles; Big Salmon, 66 miles; Little Salmon, 36 miles; Five Finger, 60 miles; Fort Selkirk, 60 miles; Stewart, 60 miles; Dawson, 60 miles.

President Rattenbury of the Arctic Express Company made these details public the other day.

Arthur Spiess has returned from Dawson, where he went as manager of Pat Galvin's cattle expedition, which drove a thousand head of beef in over the Dalton trail. They were driven leisurely, with the result that the cattle fattened during the trip. Only six died before reaching Fort Selkirk, where the herd was slaughtered and thence rafted to Dawson. Four butcher shops were opened there, beef selling at \$1.25 per pound retail and 55 cents wholesale, netting a fortune for Galvin and Spiess.

Henry Blackwood of Oregon drove in 265 cattle over the Dalton trail and also made a good stake. He says that the net profits on the first fifteen butchered and retailed amounted to \$8000.

Word comes that George Gaisford of Dawson lost several hundred hogs which he drove over White Pass and was taking down the Yukon. They were loaded on scows which were being towed by a small steamer. The scows grounded on an invisible bar and the entire lot of swine was lost overboard.

QUARTZ VEINS NEAR DAWSON.

Four Hundred Claims Have Already Been Registered.

Vancouver (B. C.)—H. Sinclair, just returned from the northern gold fields, says he was only interested in the quartz finds in the North. There are 400 quartz veins registered. None of them have proved high grade to date, but the deposits are of immense size. D. McKinnon of Maple creek, Northwest Territory, and Sinclair, have discovered an ore deposit, however, of huge proportions which some have claimed is the mother lode.

It is three and one-half miles from Dawson, on Bonanza creek. There is an abundance of free gold in the croppings and a vein at Discovery post twenty-five feet wide can be traced for 5000 feet. In fact this gigantic ore body has every indication of cutting the mountain in two.

On the side of the mountain ore is actually exposed 500 feet one way and 1500 feet another, and innumerable specimens contain gold without an exception.

The big deposit is called the Ben D'Or group. E. Farrin, a capitalist, has been interested. A large amount of capital has been subscribed and a contract let to develop the claims.

"This may be the mother lode," said Sinclair, "as 400 quartz claims are registered, all in that vicinity."

J. H. Hold of Chicago, who is just down from Casrar, says a gold strike has been made on Findlay river. Three men took out \$85 each from a river bar in one week.

No Honolulu National Bank.

Washington.—Controller of the Currency Dawes has decided that he has no authority to charter a national bank in Honolulu until Congress passes laws for the government of the islands. Consequently Perry S. Heath and San Francisco capitalists will not have their application granted at present.

Salisbury's New Assistant.

London.—The Right Honorable William St. John Brodick, member of Parliament for the Guilford division of Surrey and Under-Secretary of State for War, has been appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in succession to Lord Curzon of Kedleston, the new Viceroy of India.

Ends Relations With Italy.

Washington.—On inquiry at the Columbian Legation with reference to the suspension of relations between Colombia and Italy, the Charge d'Affaires said: "It is true that the Colombian Government has passed a decree suspending relations with Italy. This act is the result of popular indignation at the hostile measures adopted last summer by the Italian Government with its fleet in Colombian waters on the pretext of some failure on the part of Colombia in fulfilling the award of President Cleveland in the Ceruti case. A weak country has to yield under such circumstances, but it is never compelled to run the risk of another experience of the same kind, and it is at liberty to suspend relations with the Italian Government as a protest before the world against what has already happened and as a preparation for the future."

J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

FRANK MINER,

Contractor FOR

Grading and Teaming-work

OF ALL KINDS.

No. 1 Crushed Rock for Roadways, Sidewalks and Concrete. Shells for Sidewalks. Sand for plastering. Sand and Gravel for Concrete.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

Office and Stables, Lux Avenue, South San Francisco, Cal.

Entitled to Per Diem Expenses.

Washington.—Comptroller Treadwell of the Treasury Department has decided that postoffice inspectors are entitled to a per diem of \$4 for expenses only when on duty outside of offices, as the law provides that they shall be actually engaged in the field in order to obtain such allowance. Before the act of Congress which went into operation July 1 inspectors received the per diem for every day they were on duty, no matter what its character.

Concession to Turkey.

Constantinople.—The Embassadors of the powers have transmitted to the Turkish Government in the decision of their governments on the subject of Crete, which sets forth that while adhering strictly to their ultimatum, Turkey may possibly later be permitted to maintain a small force on the island, as an emblem of Turkish authority.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice, BADEN, CAL.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods; Boots and Shoes; Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods; Crockery and Agate Ware; Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hav, Grain and Feed. ++ ++

Wood and Coal. ++ ++ ++

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Moderate Charges. Prompt Service. LINDEN AVENUE, Between Armour and Juniper Avenues. Leave Orders at Postoffice.

PIONEER GROCERY

GEORGE KNEESE

Groceries and Merchandise Generally.

BAKERY.

Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

My stock is extra choice and my prices cheaper than city prices.

My Order Agent and Delivery Wagons visit all parts of South San Francisco and the country adjacent daily. All orders promptly filled.

GEO. KNEESE,

206 GRAND AVENUE.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

GENERAL :: MERCHANDISE.

GROCERIES, HARDWARE, BOOTS & SHOES, CROCKERY, MEN'S CLOTHING, ETC., ETC., ETC.

:: Free Delivery. ::

Our wagons will deliver goods to the surrounding country free of charge. We are prepared to fill the largest orders.

Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

Corner Grand and San Bruno Ave

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM
Editor and Proprietor.

The New York boy who has been arrested for stealing a peacock was probably too proud to beg.

Virginia has a Hobson post office. It would be curious if some pretty woman tried to get possession of it.

The American soldiers are paid by the month, but it is believed that Uncle Sam will be paid by the peace.

Zola may not take to the platform as a result of this Dreyfus advertising, but if he does he could read the French a good lecture.

The Cologne (Germany) Gazette asks: "But what has Germany gained by the Spanish war?" Discretion; ask Admiral Diederichs.

France knows now, if never before, that the Dreyfus case is loaded. It is never safe to blow down the muzzle of public sentiment.

Spanish onions and Spanish mackerel are creeping back upon the bills of fare. As a nation we are in a position to be magnanimous.

The emotional young woman who insists on kissing popular heroes in public should be compelled to do all of her osculatory work in that way.

Spain may yet hail us as her benefactor, for her credit has already advanced since we relieved her of responsibility for Cuba and Porto Rico.

How largely the American journals figure in our modern civilization is evident from the fact that 230,000,000 copies of them are published every month.

It is well enough to cry "give us more Oregon in the navy," but as a matter of fact the new battle ships must beat the Oregon or they will disappoint public expectations.

The Japanese navy has begun a rigid system of target practice. The commanding admiral admits that the lesson taught by the American behind the gun is conclusive.

Somebody has been retelling English sparrows, painted yellow, down east and the yankees have been paying fancy prices for these new "canaries." And yet it is said there is nothing new under the sun.

A four-ton bronze statue of the god Pan has been cast for the New York Central Park. Were it not belittling to the shepherd god, almost anybody could afford to ornament his back yard with a tin Pan.

It seems that Mount Vesuvius is again in a state of activity. Perhaps the superannated and aristocratic old mountain is envious of her namesake the little dynamite cruiser's performances at Santiago, and thinks she will show the world what a genuine old-time eruption is.

The world's supply of quinine is said to be increasing too slowly to meet the rapidly growing demand. The opening up of new colonies in tropical countries has greatly increased the use of quinine, and the culture of the trees from which it is obtained promises to be a continuously flourishing industry. This is a pointer for those who would like to engage in a profitable business in some of the new tropical dependencies.

We are in the habit of thinking of Russia as a compact, powerful nation, able to crush any other single nation on the face of the earth. On paper she has the largest army, and it would seem that just by mere force of numbers she ought to prove irresistible. But when we consider that there are considerably more than 100 nationalities in Russia, and that more than fifty languages are spoken there, the idea of solidarity vanishes and we see the elements of weakness in an overgrown monster.

There is good reason to suspect from the revelations already made that the leadership of the French army is far from what it ought to be. If the French people intend to insist on the policy of militarism they would do well to find out at once whether they really have as well equipped an army as they imagine and whether its leadership is even respectable. They were fooled that way once, and it was the fault of the leaders; if they are deceived again it will be their own fault.

The makers of geographies ought to find a profit in the present nebulous condition of Uncle Sam's boundaries. The newspapers reported on August 18 that the New Hebrides had had a big earthquake, and that the island of Ambrym had been severely shaken, and covered seven inches deep with rain, and two with ashes from the volcano Loveli. A few months ago we would have borne this news without a flutter; but coming when it did, it sent folks to the map to find out where on earth the New Hebrides might be, and whether Admiral Dewey captured them along with the rest of creation on the 1st of May. For years to come, apparently, when news comes by way of San Francisco of earthquakes, we shall wonder whether it was our volcano that got loose, and how big a bill Uncle Sam will have to pay in damages.

In reply to the query, why do not more young men marry? a reader asserts that they are deterred by the

smallness of their salaries, a great many young men being forced to content themselves with weekly stipends of \$5, \$6 or \$10. It is quite right for young women to look upon a salary of \$5 or \$10 per week as a mere beginning, whether or not it is a sufficient one on which to marry depends on the couple. There are many women who can help their husbands financially. But it is well known that wedded life is the best possible stimulant to ambition, and many a young man who is now getting \$40 or \$50 or more a week would have been a "rolling stone," with a small weekly pay or none, if he had not been brave enough to take to himself some girl, "the best in all the world," when he was receiving small pay. Get married, young man! Don't wait till you can drive your wife around in a coach and pair. If you try to do so, the probability is that you will be a cynical old bachelor, and the girl you now admire will be carried off by some one with more pluck.

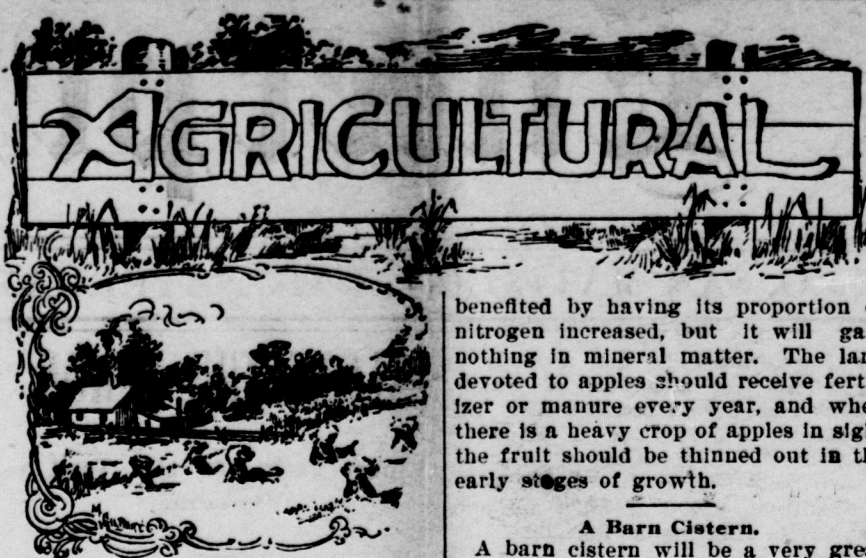
For some purpose not disclosed the government has just published a table of statistics showing the geographical location of the unmarried part of the population of the United States. It is in the form of a map printed in colors, and shows at a glance in what part bachelors are most numerous and where spinsters most abound. A table given by States shows the number of bachelors and spinsters in each, and in every State, even in New England, where are so many unmarried women, the bachelors exceed the maids in number, the proportion differing widely, however. Massachusetts, for example, has 234,368 bachelors and 218,070 spinsters, while Illinois has 358,036 bachelors and 101,450 spinsters; Indiana has 167,493 bachelors and 101,450 spinsters. There are in the United States 2,200,000 more unmarried males than females similarly situated, the exact figures being 5,427,767 bachelors against 3,224,494 spinsters, of ages from twenty years up. The usefulness of these statistics is not plain. The most obvious conclusion that can be drawn from them is that they offer no support to the Mormon doctrine of plurality of wives, since, if every woman found a mate, a good many men would still be left lonely.

From petty thievery we are never exempt, and while as a rule it is only vexatious it sometimes requires the ability of a Sherlock Holmes for its detection. A gentleman in Chicago doing business in one of the great office buildings was annoyed from time to time by the mysterious disappearance of choice fruit which he had laid by on his desk for his own delectation, and the situation became grave enough for investigation. Was it office boys or janitors? Then occurred a bright idea. Doses of tartar emetic deftly inserted under the rind of several choice oranges might be the means of locating the culprit. No sooner thought of than executed. Result, a very slick janitor the next morning and a vacancy in the janitorship. The Berlin newspapers have lately been telling with great glee of a like triumph of science over crime. In one of the great offices of the German capital a number of petty thefts had been committed, the pockets of coats hanging in anterooms being visited and cigars and small change abstracted. The police were for a time nonplused and invoked the aid of science. A professor being consulted, he advised the insertion of a delicate aniline powder in the mouth end of some cigars to be placed at the mercy of the thief. The next morning a summoning of the clerks and a general inspection of their mouths. One unhappy youth was discovered with aniline tongue and lips! Verdict guilty. Little scientific traps will sometimes beat even the police.

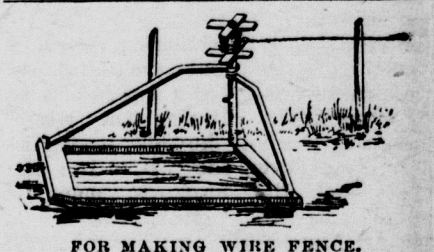
Unless some substitute shall be found for wood pulp in the manufacture of paper, or unless some better system shall be adopted in place of the utterly destructive methods now in use by the woodmen who cater to the pulp mills, the day is probably not far distant when the low-priced newspaper of to-day will become an impossibility. Since 1882 the production of wood pulp has increased twelvefold. There are now 1,200 large pulp mills in the United States, producing more than 1,500,000 tons of pulp a year and using up some 2,000,000 cords of wood in the process. The pulp men take from the forests several varieties of trees which other lumbermen might have spared; and so rapidly are they denuding the areas to which the pulp industry is mostly confined, that Prof. Fernow (late of the government department of forestry, but recently placed at the head of the forestry school of Cornell university) states that hardly more than a ten to twenty years' supply now remains. Canada, it is asserted, can do but little toward extending the limits of exhaustion. They manage this thing better in Germany. There they secure an annual supply of pulp wood from their forests without exhausting the source; for by judicious cutting and by caring for the young growths which nature bountifully supplies for the rehabilitation of her forest domains, a permanent and even an enlarging annual amount of wood is obtained. You do not see the German forester, on a wood plantation which may maintain his family or yield a revenue to his state for centuries, destroying the whole, as Americans do, in order to market "a big cut" in a single season.

Italy's Oranges.
Italy is now exporting oranges from trees grown from seeds obtained in California some years ago.

Some people express their serious thoughts under the disguise of a joke. The poorer the article offered for sale, the harder the solicitors work.



Putting Up Barbed Wire.
The illustration, from the American Agriculturist, shows a handy contrivance for "paying out" barbed wire when building a fence of this material. A stout stone drag has a round stake set in one corner well braced. The reel of wire is put on as suggested for attaching the upper wire and below the braces at various heights when putting up the other wires. This brings the wire right along beside the stakes and at just the height desired. When ready to staple, let the driver of the team take hold of one arm of the reel to keep it from turning, starting up the team a few feet to stretch the wire. His companion then staples firmly, when more wire is unreeled and the process is repeated. A



slow-moving team should be used, or it will not be safe to attempt holding the reel.

Cost of Growing Corn.
The University of Illinois has been trying to find out what it costs the Illinois farmers to raise corn. It had replies from 300 farmers in all the corn-growing areas. Up to husking the items of expense given in the replies do not vary greatly, but subsequent expenses are absurdly reported to vary 11.3 cents in one county to 38.8 cents in another. The average cost of raising corn was found to be for the state \$3.72 per acre, or 16.1 cents per bushel. Including interest on the farmers' equipment and the cost of the cribs, shelling and in hauling to market the conclusion is reached that in 1896, which was an average year, with an average yield of fifty-four bushels per acre, the cost from breaking the ground to delivery of the corn at the elevator was 19.5 cents. This covers the rent of the ground or interest on the value of the land, interest on depreciation on plant and wages for the farmer and others engaged in the work of raising the corn. At this rate, if he got 20.5 cents per bushel he cleared \$5.40 per acre. He got this clear in addition to wages, interest, depreciation and other costs.

Comfortable Fruit Ladder.
Upon the ordinary fruit ladder one must stand for a long time and endure the strain and the cutting into the feet of a small round. A fairly broad, flat step gives firm and comfortable support to the feet. The ladder can be made light, too, as the one shown in the illustration. Make one in winter according to this pattern, while you have plenty of time, and it will be ready for next season's fruit picking. The top of such a ladder can narrow to a point if desired. The main piece must be of some light material free from knots and other imperfections. Press all the material together, then paint. If kept under shelter when not in use it will last many years.

Budding.
Buds from the largest and thickest shoots generally withstand the winter better than those from the smaller, immature wood, which are liable to drop off, leaving the back attached. The triple buds on the older and more matured shoots of bearing trees often survive when the single buds above them kill out. Apricots and plums can be worked on peach stocks, but plum stocks are generally preferred for them. Budding should be done during August, and if the weather has been very dry, so as to cause the stocks to stop growing, it may even be too late; while if there has been abundant rainfall the work may be continued into September. The bark must separate readily from the stock in order to have the work successful.—Farm and Fireside.

Fertilize the Orchard.
It is certain that any crop will exhaust the soil in time, whether of grain, grass or fruit. On some farms may be seen orchards of apple trees over half a century old. Every year these trees have produced fruit, and in return have received nothing in the form of fertilizer. It is estimated that an ordinary apple crop removes from an acre of soil about 50 pounds of nitrogen, 40 pounds of phosphoric acid and 75 pounds of potash. When clover is grown in the orchard the land is

benefited by having its proportion of nitrogen increased, but it will gain nothing in mineral matter. The land devoted to apples should receive fertilizer or manure every year, and when there is a heavy crop of apples in sight the fruit should be thinned out in the early stages of growth.

A Barn Cistern.
A barn cistern will be a very great advantage where a large number of cattle are wintered. The cistern should be placed on high ground, so that the water can be piped directly to the cattle stalls. The cistern should be built under ground. It may be built out of the ground six feet or more; use the earth that comes out of the bottom to bank up the outside. The earth banking should be five feet thick and well sodded. This will keep the water cool in summer and warm in winter. A cistern fourteen feet deep and seven feet in diameter will hold 130 barrels of water, and can be built for \$50. The fall of the year, before the ground becomes saturated with water, is a good time to dig one. The inlet pipe should run down within one foot of the bottom. The inflow of water from every rain and the constant drawing of the water will keep the body of water stirred, and thus keep it pure. The rain water that falls upon a barn forty by twenty-six feet will keep the cistern full.—Baltimore American.

Clean Milk.
A correspondent of the Practical Farmer says: To have clean milk, it must always be kept so. Commence when milking. My sister, who has spent four years on the Isle of Jersey, saw the way they milked their Jersey cows in that country. It was through muslin stretched over the pail. An attachment to slip over the pail can be made as follows: Take a piece of spring steel, bend to a size smaller than milk pail; ends not to be fastened; cut cloth a size larger than pail top, and when hemmed around steel it will be the right size to cover pail. Stretch over pail when milking; will keep out all hairs and dirt that drop from cow. Can be easily put on and taken off.

Thinning Apples.
Most of the early apples are abundant bearers and are apt to be small. Those that are sweet are not good for much until ripe, but Early Harvest and the Twenty Ounce apple will bear picking when two-thirds grown and make excellent pies. If this is done in all parts of the tree, plucking a few apples where they are fullest on the bough, it will make what apples remain much larger and better, besides supplying early apples for household use, says an exchange.

Crop Experiments.
The area of ground that can be used for conducting a number of experiments need not be large. An acre will give sixty-four plots each 25 by 25 feet square, and a comparison of different crops, under various methods of cultivation, will give more practical experience and information to those interested than can be gained by many years' cultivation without regard to system or regularity.

Keeping Fowls Out of Mischief.
Something more than feed is necessary to keep fowls from running to the garden or the newly planted corn field, and scratching among the dirt. Hens do this, less to secure the grain than to rid themselves of vermin by thoroughly dusting themselves. If a place close by the henhouse is kept plowed, and is strewn twice a week with grain and harrowed, fowls will rarely leave it for anything.

Summer Pruning.
Attention should be paid to summer pruning fruit trees. A topping of the growing shoots just before they finish growth will generally cause them to set flower buds for the next season. Besides this it is the best time to prune in order to thicken the trees.

Poultry Notes.
Better fatten and eat the stunted chickens.

Do not mix the bone meal with the food.

Sell poultry alive during the next two months.

Keep eggs in a cool place until they are marketed.

Sell the young ducks as soon as they are ready for market.

Mixed with milk buckwheat makes a good fattening ration.

It is easier to avoid disease in the flock than to cure it.

As a rule the eggs of hens grow smaller as the moulting season advances.

When the fowls are too fat an exclusive diet of oats will soon reduce them.

Poultry and eggs are inseparable if a fair profit is derived from the investment.

In the smaller breeds beauty of form and plumage are the first requirements.

One of the disadvantages with guinea fowls is that they are not a good market fowl.

The second year of the hen is more profitable than at any other time during her life.

A coroner estimates that something like 600 infants are overlaid by their mothers yearly in London. Infants, he said, should sleep in cots, as it takes little to suffocate them.

QUEEN LOUISE DEMENTED.

"The Mother-in-Law of Europe" Said to Be in Her Dotage.

It is reported on what seems to be excellent authority that Queen Louise, of Denmark, has lost her mind, and she has suddenly collapsed into a complete stage of dotage, which the physicians describe as incurable. This accounts for the fact that on the very day that telegrams were sent by the widowed empress of Russia from Copenhagen, summoning the Princess of Wales from England, King George of Greece from Aix-les-Bains, in France, and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland from Austria, on the ground of their mother's illness, the aged queen was able to go out driving twice with the dowager czarina.

The illness is mental rather than physical, and it is a source of great grief to Queen Louise's family and entourage, for she has been known until now as one of the most clever women in the world. She has been nicknamed the "mother-in-law of Europe," and it is certain that throughout the reign of the late Emperor Alexander of Russia she was his source of inspiration and his personal counselor, besides acting as the chief adviser of her favorite son, who reigns as King George of Greece. She has always been averse to constitutionalism, and by many she is blamed for the refusal of her Muscovite son-in-law to do anything toward providing his empire with a more liberal form of government than that by means of which he rules.

Queen Louise is now nearing her 80th year and has never been quite the



QUEEN LOUISE.

same since her serious illness a year ago. The loss of her mental faculties, however, is reported to have been very sudden and correspondingly sad. It was first observed by the widowed czarina on her arrival at Copenhagen, and she lost no time in summoning her brothers and sister, who each hastened to Copenhagen a fortnight ahead of the time originally set for the meeting. The Princess of Wales, it may be added, was so much alarmed by the telegram of her sister, the empress, that she insisted upon taking her family physician, Sir Francis Laking, with her, in the hope that his advice might be of some use.

BUST OF CROMWELL.

Presented to Parliament Because of "Kindness to the Jewish Race."

That the Jewish race owes a debt of gratitude to Oliver Cromwell may be news to many. A bust of the Protector, says the London Graphic, has just been presented to Parliament by Mr. Charles Wertheimer "in recognition of the Protector's kindness to the Jewish race." The bust is extremely well executed and represents Cromwell with



BUST OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

his wart and the scar on his forehead of the wound received at Dunbar, and wearing the medal by Simon that the House of Commons voted to him, together with a resolution of thanks on receipt of the news of the victory at Dunbar.

Caroline Archipelago.

The Caroline archipelago, which does not include the Ladrone, consists of thirty-six groups of islands, of which the Pelew group is the largest. It contains more than 200 islands, and the total number in the archipelago is 552. The principal products are turtle-shells, copra and beche de mer (holothuria). Beche de mer brings \$400 gold per ton in the Chinese market.

Ruin by Rinderpest.

It is stated that more than 800,000 head of cattle have died from "rinderpest" in South Africa. The wealth of many of the native tribes was in cattle. Cows were medium of exchange. These tribes are now utterly impoverished.

Everything in Keeping.

"What a lot of black feathers Penelope wears in her hat."

"Yes; she is engaged to an undertaker."

THE MASKED ASSASSIN.

A Cowardly Anonymous Attack Made Upon the Character of State Printer A. J. Johnston.

In the eyes of the law the act of homicide, or the taking of human life by the hand of man, is regulated in its degree of enormity by the manner in which the crime is committed, or in the means used in its accomplishment. So it is, also, in the attempt to commit a homicide—the manner in which such attempt is made has much to do with the severity of the punishment which the law exacts in its atonement. Thus, for example, the would-be assassin, who under cover of a disguise, lies in the shadow of his intended victim's own cottage, and, with sandbag and revolver, springs upon his prey without warning, and attempts to murder and to rob him, is regarded, not only by the law, but by all mankind, as the most dangerous, because the most cowardly, of criminals; and the punishment provided for such crime is justly more severe than that inflicted for other forms of murderous assault.

So it is in political affairs. The people will tolerate the most vigorous contests between parties and between individuals for political preferment; but they love fair play, and when the methods of the footpad are invoked and the anonymous assassination of character is attempted, they will surely revolt, and those who resort to such tactics will be made to feel a most emphatic manifestation of popular condemnation. Such an assault has just been made by the disguised agents of the school-book ring against State Printer A. J. Johnston, who is now a candidate for re-election. The attack is made through the medium of a cowardly anonymous circular, issued just before election by unseen hands and by those who have neither the courage nor the manhood to make themselves known to the public.

The "charges" contained in the circular are but a reiteration of those made two years ago, which were prompted by the same influence, and which were thoroughly investigated at the time by a non-partisan joint committee of the two houses of the Legislature, and from which charges said committee entirely and completely exonerated Mr. Johnston, the report of the investigating committee concluding as follows:

"We desire to say that we have been agreeably surprised in finding the system that prevails in this institution. It is larger than we, or we are satisfied, a majority of the people of the State realized. We find that Mr. Johnston, the Superintendent, is a practical printer of long experience, and thoroughly competent to handle the institution under his charge."

A discipline prevails in the State Printing Office rarely to be found among public institutions. It is conducted in all respects as a first-class private institution would be.

The testimony taken has been very full, and much time has been devoted to this hearing. And, having given the whole subject careful consideration, we are of the opinion that the office of Superintendent of State Printing has been conducted on business principles, and with economy and a due regard for the public interests."

Two things should be remembered. One is that the volume of printing, or the increase thereof, in the State Printing Office, is a matter over which the State Printer has no control, for he merely executes the public printing as it is ordered by the Legislature or by the executive departments of the State government. The other thing to remember is that the Eastern school-book ring has declared that it would expend \$50,000, if need be, to accomplish the defeat of A. J. Johnston for State Printer.

The lavish use of printers' ink in the publication of several hundred thousand of these anonymous circulars, and the expenditure of the means it requires to circulate them, are ample evidences that the representatives of the book trust are undertaking to carry out their declaration. The fact that Mr. Johnston's opponents are acting with the opponents of our State school-book system, and that the friends and defenders of the State system are supporting Mr. Johnston ought to be pretty good evidence as to the true issue at stake.

The cowardly anonymous assault upon Mr. Johnston, contained in the circular referred to, is resented by every decent citizen of Sacramento, where he lives; it is resented by every newspaper in Sacramento, without regard to politics; and it is resented and denounced by the California State School Book League, whose Executive Committee has already completely refuted its charges and insinuations.

We call upon all good citizens to stand with us and rebuke the footpad methods adopted by the Eastern school-book ring in its efforts to assassinate the personal and political character of a faithful public servant.

Executive Committee
Cal. State School Book League.

Farm Notes.

Fix up the feed racks in good shape for use.

Do not expect stock to thrive on but one kind of grain.

Wait until the ground freezes hard before applying the mulch to newly-set trees and small fruits.

Cows that are expected to give a profitable flow of milk during the winter must be well fed and comfortably sheltered.

Do not sell off the fruits and vegetables too close. Be sure to store away a sufficient supply for your own use.

While it is often an advantage to feed the stock in the fields while the weather will admit, they should all be sheltered when it is cold and stormy.

Before stock are turned into the stalk fields be sure that they have all of the water they want. Then do not allow them to stay in too long at first.

THE COST OF FREEING CUBA.

The United States are certainly entitled to retain possession of the Philippine Islands if the peace commissioners so decide, for the cost of the war runs far into the millions, and the end is not yet. The money paid out reaches an astonishing total. To free the stomach, liver, bowels and blood of disease, however, is not an expensive undertaking. A few dollars invested in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will accomplish the task easily. The poor as well as the rich can afford it.

Love's garret once I visited—
'Twas up long flights of stairs—
Packed full of chests of broken vows,
And also broken chairs.

DEAR EDITOR:—If you know of a solicitor or canvasser in your city or elsewhere, especially a man who has solicited for subscriptions, insurance, nursery stock, books or tailoring, or a man who can sell goods, you will confer a favor by telling him to correspond with us; or if you will insert this notice in your paper and such parties will cut this notice out and mail to us, we may be able to furnish them a good position in their own and adjoining counties. Address, AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., Chicago.

Mrs. P.—Oh! I saw a perfectly divine hat in church to-day. Mr. P.—I'll mail it to hear that your thoughts were on heavenly things.

When coming to San Francisco go to Brooklyn Hotel, 208 212 Bush street, American or European plan. Room and board \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day; rooms 50 cents to \$1.00 per day; single meals 25 cents. Free coach. Chas. Montgomery.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

We pay you \$100 if we cannot prove that we can save you MONEY on everything you buy. We are saving the people of the Pacific Coast thousands of dollars every month. For full particulars, address, Gilbert Clements' sons, 218 California St., San Francisco, Cal., Wholesale and Retailers of Family Supplies.

FIT'S Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Price, \$2.00 per bottle. Sold by Dr. R. H. Kline Ltd., 380 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1895.

At What Age Is Man Strongest?
The muscles, in common with all the organs of the body, have their stages of development and decline. Our physical strength increases up to a certain age and then decreases. Tests of the strength of several thousands of people have been made by means of a dynamometer (strength measurer), and the following are given as the average figures for the white race:

The "lifting power" of a youth of 17 years is 280 pounds. In his twentieth year this increases to 320 pounds, and in the thirtieth and thirty-first years it reaches its height, 366 pounds. At the end of the thirty-first year the strength begins to decline, very slowly at first.

By the fortieth year it has decreased eight pounds, and this diminution continues at a slightly increasing rate until the fiftieth year is reached, when the figure is 330 pounds.

After this period the strength fails more and more rapidly until the weakness of old age is reached. It is not possible to give statistics of the decline of strength after the fiftieth year, as it varies to a large extent in different individuals.—Strand Magazine.

Confusion at These Dinners.
In his dining room, Sir Joshua Reynolds constantly entertained all the best known men of his time, including Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke, Sterne, Hogarth, Wilkes, Allan Ramsay and a score of others, who formed the brilliant literary club of which the great painter was the founder. There doubtless in the familiar lines of the author of "Retaliation."

When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.

At these dinner parties, according to Malone, though the wine and the dishes were of the best, there seemed to be a tacit agreement that mind should predominate over body. The table, we are told, though set only for seven or eight, often had to accommodate double that number. There was usually a deficiency of knives, forks and glasses, and the guests had to bawl for more supplies, while the host calmly left every one to shift for himself, though he lost not a word, if he could help it, of the conversation.—London Telegraph.

St. Jacobs Oil cures Rheumatism.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Neuralgia.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Lumbago.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Sciatica.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Sprains.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Bruises.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Soreness.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Stiffness.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Backache.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Muscular Aches.

Occasion For Haste.
"I am the wrong man," protested the wretched creature they were getting ready to hang.

The chairman of the vigilantes was clearly assailed with misgivings.

"Hurry!" he exclaimed, addressing those who were coming with the rope. "It may prove that the fellow speaks truly after all."—Detroit Journal.

Do You Like Boils?
If you do not, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it will purify your blood, cure your boils and keep your system free from the poisons which cause them. The great blood purifying power of Hood's Sarsaparilla is constantly being demonstrated by its many marvelous cures.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is America's Greatest Medicine. 51c. six for \$3.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache. 25c.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

"O-u-g-h!" or the Cross Farmer.
A farmer's boy, starting to plough, Once harnessed an ox with a cough;
But the farmer came out, With a furious shout,
And told him he didn't know hough.

In a manner exceedingly rough, He proceeded to bluster and blough;
He scolded and scowled, He raved and he howled,
And declared he'd have none of such stough.

At length, with a growl and a cough, He dragged the poor boy to the trough,
And ducking him in Till wet to his chin,
Discharged him and ordered him ough.

And now my short story is through— And I will not assert that it's trough,
But it's chiefly designed To impress on your mind
What wonders our spelling can dough.

And I hope you will grant that although It may not be the smoothest in fough,
It has answered its end If it only shall tend
To prove what I meant it to shough.

—St. Nicholas.

Book Worth Its Weight in Gold.

A book small enough to about cover the thumb nail of a man would be a curiosity in any circumstances, but when it is the smallest volume in the world it is easy to understand why it is very valuable. This mite of a book is five-eighths of an inch long, seven-sixteenths of an inch wide and three-eighths of an inch thick. It has 205 pages of closely printed matter. The letters are so small that a pin point would obscure one of them, and a magnifying glass is necessary to enable one to read them. The book weighs about a quarter of an ounce and is valued at \$750, which makes it worth more than its weight in gold. It was printed in Italy, in the town of Padua, and on the Salmin press.

Common Words from a High Source.

The vulgar "La!" "Law!" "Lawk!" Laws a mussy!" "Sakes alive!" "Good land alive!" and the like, are all remnants of such expressions as "Lord!" "Lord have mercy!" "For the sake of the Lord of life!" "Good Lord of life!" and other equally solemn phrases employed in moments of great excitement or danger, which the careless habit of exaggeration in the expression of feeling has led some to degrade and employ on the most trivial occasions. Our familiar "Dear me!" is likewise merely a corruption of the Italian "Dio mio!" "My God!" and is an exact equivalent, in every respect, of the "Mons Dieu!" of the French, the use of which on trivial occasions we English-speakers are so ready to condemn. "Alas!" a mournful exclamation which I trust my young readers will seldom have occasion to employ, is also a shortened form of an Italian expression, "Oh, me lasso!" (Oh, weary me!).—St. Nicholas.

One Leisure Hour.

A few years ago two poor boys from the old town of Plymouth, Mass., went down to a lonely part of the coast to gather a certain seaweed from the rocks, which, when bleached and dried, is sold as Irish moss for culinary purposes. The boys lived in a little hut on the beach; they were out before dawn to gather or prepare the moss, which had to be wet with salt water many times, and spread out in the sun until it was thoroughly whitened. They had one hour each day free from work. One of them spent it lying on the sand asleep. The other had brought out his books and studied for that hour, trying to keep up with his schoolmates.

Fifteen years later, the first boy, now a middle-aged man, was still gathering moss on the coast near Plymouth.

The second emigrated to Kansas, became the leading man in a new settlement, and became a wealthy, influential citizen.

"No matter what was my work," he said lately, "I always contrived to give one hour a day to my education. This is the cause of my success in life."

A similar story is told of the president of one of the largest manufacturing firms in Pennsylvania. When he was a boy of sixteen he was a blacksmith's assistant at a forge in the interior of the state. There were three other men employed at the forge.

"I will not always be a blacksmith; I will be a machinist," said the lad. "I mean to study arithmetic at night as a beginning." Two of the men joined him; the other went to the tavern. After a year they found work in iron mills, at the lowest grade of employment, and made their way up, invariably giving a part of every evening to study. Each of these three men now holds a high position in a great manufacturing establishment.—Sunday School Herald.

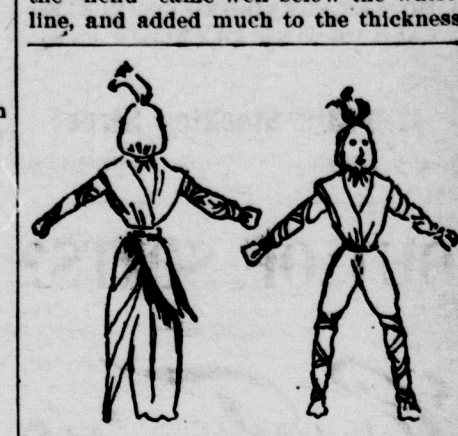
Husks Become Dolls.

Making a small bundle of some soaked corn husks, says a writer in Youth's Companion, the old colored woman tied a knot at one end.

"What's that for, mammy?" I asked. "His bald, child; an' dis yere's his hair." And she put some of the silk by the knot and tied it about the neck with a strip of the tougher husk. Next she chose a fine, smooth, broad piece, of a beautiful light green, and folded it across. She put a cord in the fold, and drew it up like a running-string. This she tied about the knot, being careful that the "hair" should come up through the middle, and when she had tied an-

other string about the neck it made a fine covering for the head, almost as good as a rag-baby's. The arms came next, and these were made by dividing the husks below the head into three parts; one on each side for the arms, and one in the middle for the body.

The arms were wrapped with strips of coarse, strong husks, tied at the wrist, and mammy's strong knife cut them off just beyond. Some of the softer husks were used for the shoulders, and were put on slich-fashion, first over one shoulder and then the other, until they were built out to the required breadth, when they were tied about the waist with more of the tough husk. Of course, the ends of the "slich" came well below the waistline, and added much to the thickness



of the lower part. This was now divided evenly in two, and each division was wound like the arms and cut off evenly.

"Is he a boy-doll, mammy?" I asked. "He's a sodger, child, and now go git me some rose-thorns and I'll give him his eyes and mouf."

The rose-thorns were stuck into the smooth, green face, and my doll was complete.

Out of the Mouth of Babies.

Fannie, aged 5, was visiting in the country, and, seeing a lot of sheep and lambs for the first time, she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, just look at the cute little lambs, and they're such good imitations, too. They squeak just like my toy lamb and have the same kind of hair on."

Little Nellie was sent to the corner grocery for a pound of butter. "Well, little girl, what can I do for you?" asked the grocer. "Be quick, for I'm awful busy." "P-please, sir," stammered Nellie, "my m-muzzler send me for a p-pound of b-butter, but if you is b-busy give me a h-half p-pound."

A gentleman living in a suburban town brought a lawn-mower home one evening and the next morning was out early testing it. His little 4-year-old daughter hearing the noise ran to the window to investigate, and after gazing at it in astonishment for a moment, exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, papa's tut-tin' ze gwass wiz your target-sweeper!"

Willie, aged 3, had a slight difference of opinion with his grandfather, and, forgetting his usual respectful manner, he exclaimed: "Gwas-pa, I dess I'll have to box your ears!" "Well, well," gravely retorted the old gentleman; "then I shall not bring you a birthday present." "Oh," quickly replied the little fellow, "I's not doin' to box 'em till after dat."

Little Edith had been to church for the first time and on her return home her grandmother asked her how she liked it. "Oh, I liked it all right enough," she replied, "but the men didn't act a bit fair." "What did they do?" asked the old lady. "Why," was the little observer's reply, "one man did all the hard work and another man came around and got all the money."

Tommy, aged 4, was very fond of climbing into his mother's lap for the purpose of being petted and caressed. One day his mother found him gazing at some goldfish in a globe, with a sympathetic look on his face. "Why, Tommy," she asked, "what makes you look so solemn?" "Cause I'm sorry for them baby fishes," answered the little fellow. "And why are you sorry for them?" she asked. "Their mamma hasn't any lap for them to sit in," was the reply.

Dramatist Gilbert's Joke.

The following smart example of repartee is attributed to W. S. Gilbert. The dramatist was at an evening party, and chanced to be standing bareheaded in the hall when a guest, departing in a hurry, mistook him for a waiter.

"Call me a four-wheeler, will you," says he.

"Sir," replied the ready author of "The Mikado" and a round dozen other operas, "you are a four-wheeler."

The guest was startled by this reply. "Why," he exclaimed, "what the—"

But Mr. Gilbert interrupted him with an elaborate pretense at apology, "I couldn't call you hansom, you know, could I?"

The Bankrupt.

Few words have so remarkable a history as "bankrupt." The money changers of Italy had benches or stalls in the bourse or exchange in former times. At these they conducted their ordinary business. When any of them fell back in the world and became insolvent, his bench was broken, and the name of "broken bench" or banca rotta, was given to him. When the word was first adopted into English, it was nearer the Italian than it now is, being "bankerout," instead of "bankrupt."

A Curious Law.

In the sixteenth century there was a curious law in England whereby street hawkers were forbidden to sell plums and apples, for the reason that servants and apprentices were unable to resist the sight of them, and were consequently tempted to steal their employers' money in order to enjoy the costly delicacies.

One way to keep on friendly terms with your neighbor is to keep off his premises.

THE ILLS OF WOMEN

And How Mrs. Pinkham Helps Overcome Them.

Mrs. MARY BOLLINGER, 1101 Marianna St., Chicago, Ill., to Mrs. Pinkham: "I have been troubled for the past two years with falling of the womb, leucorrhoea, pains over my body, sick headaches, backache, nervousness and weakness. I tried doctors and various remedies without relief. After taking two bottles of your Vegetable Compound, the relief I obtained was truly wonderful. I have now taken several more bottles of your famous medicine, and can say that I am entirely cured."

Mrs. HENRY DORR, No. 806 Findlay St., Cincinnati, Ohio, to Mrs. Pinkham: "For a long time I suffered with chronic inflammation of the womb, pain in abdomen and bearing-down feeling. Was very nervous at times, and so weak I was hardly able to do anything. Was subject to headaches, also troubled with leucorrhoea. After doctoring for many months with different physicians, and getting no relief, I had given up all hope of being well again when I read of the great good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was doing. I decided immediately to give it a trial. The result was simply past belief. After taking four bottles of Vegetable Compound and using three packages of Sanative Wash I can say I feel like a new woman. I deem it my duty to announce the fact to my fellow sufferers that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable remedies have entirely cured me of all my pains and suffering. I have her alone to thank for my recovery, for which I am grateful. May heaven bless her for the good work she is doing for our sex."

SERVANTS' EXCUSES.

One Woman Who Was Clever Enough to Circumvent Them.

We have heard the story of the Canadian mistress who, with seven servants in her house, was obliged to go to the garden and pick berries for the table. Each of the servants declined the task with the stereotyped excuse, "It ain't my place to pick berries." "Ord, in his 'History of Cleveland,' relates an anecdote of Margaret Wharton, who, while accepting her servants' excuse, yet made them do her will.

In one of her visits to Scarborough Mrs. Wharton, with her usual economy, had a family pie for dinner, which she directed the footman to convey to the bakehouse. This the man declined to do as not belonging to his place, or rather, as derogatory to his consequence. The lady then moved the question to the coachman, but found a still stronger objection.

To save the pride of both Mrs. Wharton resolved to take the pie to the shop herself. She ordered one man to harness and bring out the horses and the other to mount and ride behind, and thus the errand was done with all honor and ceremony. Then in due time the coachman was ordered to put to a second time and the footman to mount behind, and Mrs. Wharton brought back the pie in the same dignified state.

"Now," said the lady to the coachman, "you have kept your place, which is to drive, and you yours," to the footman, "which is to wait, and I mine, which is to have my pie for dinner."

Continuous Steel Pipe.

The West Australian government has taken a contract to lay nearly 850 miles of water pipe of a novel character. This pipe is to be made of steel spirals packed in concrete. Sheet metal is cut into strips of the required width. These are fed into a machine and welded into one continuous strip. As the strip is fed into the machine rivet holes are punched; then the edges of the laps are brought together by machinery and held during the process of riveting, which is all done by compression. The lap is thrown on the outside of the pipe, rendering its length. A tenacious hydraulic cement is packed around the laps, making the pipe absolutely water tight.—New York Ledger.

She Loves Birds.

The dowager empress of China is devoted to birds of all kinds, and innumerable bird pets are kept about the palace. She is reported to have wept copiously about the death of a favorite nightingale not long ago. Upon being told of a Chinese girl who had complained bitterly of the dreariness of life this exalted lady remarked sagely that a woman ought to take so much pride in her home that it could be a heaven to her, adding, "There are always birds and flowers." She is a clever artist and delights in painting from nature.

Can't Hold America Down.

"Why, sir," said the geologist, "the ground you walk on was once under water."

"Well," replied the friend, who is nothing if not patriotic, "it simply goes to show you can't hold America down." —Washington Star.

A Severe Thump.

He—I was reading somewhere the other day that no woman should ever marry a genius.

She—Oh, well, don't let that worry you. Even if the girls were disposed to heed such advice the bars would still be down for you.—Chicago News.

Follow It Up.

Sit down and cool off suddenly, and then regret it, for stiffness and soreness is bound to follow. Follow it up with St. Jacobs Oil and you will have nothing to regret from a prompt cure.

Crete has lost through political disturbances of recent years olive trees to the value of \$10,000,000. It will take 40 years to restore the orchard to full bearing condition, and in the meantime 200,000 Mohammedans and 800,000 Christians will have to starve.

AN EFFECTIVE PARABLE.

General Joubert's Story Saved the Lives of the Jameson Raiders.

A most interesting account of the manner in which the lives of Jameson and his men were spared, after the surrender to the Boers, is told by the Nieuws Van den Dag of Amsterdam:

The stern old Boers, when they had Jameson and his fellow officers in their hands, determined to execute the leaders of the band at daybreak. The meeting took place in President Kruger's house, 20 being present, of whom the great majority, wild with indignation at the sudden inroad into their territory, were for shooting the British officers at once.

President Kruger opposed this summary plan and used all his eloquence and all his influence on behalf of the prisoners. For a long time his efforts were vain. It was 4 o'clock in the morning, and the president's opponents were still for execution. The lives of the foreigners hung by a thread.

At length General Joubert, one of the few who agreed with the president, had recourse to the old time Boer method of convincing his hearers. He made use of a parable.

"Friends," he said, "will you not listen to my voice once more? Suppose that close to my farm lives a bad neighbor who keeps fierce hounds in his house, worrying my sheep exceedingly and also killing some. What, then, would you have me to do? Should I kill the hounds to be free of this worry? Truly my neighbor would say unto me: 'Then hast killed my hounds, yet their value is greater than the value of your sheep. Pay thou me!' Is it not better that I should take the hounds and going into my neighbor's house say, 'These are thine; now pay me for the harm they have done my flock?'"

There was silence, and the general continued: "We have caught the pack. Is it not better to send them to the British government with demands for reparation, lest the British send more hounds to worry us anew?"

The old form of argument proved successful. The wisdom of moderation became apparent, and the council of war accepted the advice of their chiefs.

Supposition.

Customer—I thought I told you to paint me sitting on the piazza of my house. You've painted the piazza all right, but there's nobody on it.

Artist—Of course not. The painting represents an afternoon view. The sun would then be on the front of the house, and of course you wouldn't be sitting in the sun. The picture is true to art and to nature. You are supposed to be sitting on the back stoop.—Boston Transcript.

Seems to Get Ripe.

One complaint seems to get ripe in autumn, and that is neuralgia. To soothe the pain, strengthen the nerves and rid the system of it, use St. Jacobs Oil, the best known cure.

A southern man says that the difference between yellow fever and dengue fever is that when one has the former he is afraid he will die and when the latter attacks him he is fearful that he will not.

According to the latest statistics, the population of Greece is increasing more rapidly than that of any other country—namely, at the rate of 1.87 per cent per annum.

No household is complete without a bottle of the famous Jesse Moore Whiskey. It is a pure and wholesome stimulant recommended by all physicians. Don't neglect this necessity.

In Australia spring begins Aug. 20; summer, Nov. 20; autumn, Feb. 20, and winter, May 20.

There are said to be fewer suicides among miners than among any other class of workmen.

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News Ink.

S. F. N. U. Co. 353, New Series, No. 44

Gained 22 Pounds in 5 Weeks.

From the By-Stander, Macomb, Ill.

Alderman Louis W. Camp, of our city, has quite astonished his friends of late, by a remarkable gain in weight. He has gained 22 pounds in five weeks. Those of his friends who read with interest the following:

"I was broken down in health and utterly miserable," said Mr. Camp to our reporter. "I was unable to work much of the time and so badly afflicted with a form of stomach trouble that life was a veritable nightmare."

"I tried various remedies, but during the six months of my sickness I obtained no relief. I had always been a robust, healthy man and sickness bore heavily upon me."

"About two years ago I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I purchased one box and received so much benefit that I used five more and was entirely cured. I gained twenty-two pounds in five weeks. Since I stopped taking the pills I have scarcely had an ache or pain."

Interviewing the Alderman.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restored me to health and I most heartily recommend them."

L. W. Camp on oath says that the foregoing statement is true.

W. W. Meloan, Notary Public.

Following is the physician's certificate as to Mr. Camp's present condition. I am a regularly licensed physician of Macomb, McDonough County, Ill. I have very recently examined Mr. L. W. Camp as to his general physical condition, and find the same to be all that could be desired, appetite and digestion good, sleep well, and has all the evidences of being in a good physical condition. Sam'l Russell, M. D.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of September, 1897.

W. W. Meloan, Notary Public.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1898.

SINGLE TAX.

Facts speak louder than mere words. The friends of James G. Maguire are protesting against the paramount hobby of their candidate for Governor being made an issue. They declare that the single tax is not in any one of the three political platforms, which their candidate has straddled in his efforts to become the Chief Executive of this great State, and that, therefore, the single tax is not, and cannot be, an issue in this campaign.

Their protests are in vain. Every owner of a lot or an acre of land understands that James G. Maguire wears with pride the mantle of the late Henry George, the great apostle of single tax, and that once seated in the Executive Chair of this State, that all the power and influence of Governor Maguire would be thrown in the scale to promote and advance the single tax issue.

AND THIS IS HARMONY.

The San Mateo Leader (Republican) has the following comment concerning the recent Republican convention: "Smart" politics was instrumental in defeating Mr. Kirkbride for the nomination for Assemblyman. At the last minute Mr. Brown was injected into the fight by a combination who wanted to defeat Henry Walker for District Attorney, and by trading the object was accomplished. The result will be seen in November, as a great many predict the defeat of both Bullock and Brown.—Democrat, Redwood City.

Our brother of the Leader is clearly mistaken if he means that Henry Ward Brown was a party to any sort of combination which had for its object the defeat of District Attorney Walker in the Republican County Convention. Mr. Brown had no desire to defeat Mr. Walker. The votes of the First Township were cast for Mr. Walker; therefore, Mr. Brown's township did not contribute to Mr. Walker's defeat. No man could control the votes of this township in a trade to defeat Henry Walker. Mr. Walker's friends in the First Township were loyal to him before the convention, in the convention, and after the convention, and were sorely grieved by his, to them, unexpected defeat. And, while the Republicans of this township admire Mr. Brown and will rally to his support, they hold Mr. Kirkbride in high esteem.

The sensational anti-Republican press, animated solely by a desire to discredit the administration of President McKinley, howled and howled and howled for the appointment of a Commission to investigate the conduct of the war; and now that the War Investigating Commission, composed of Democrats and Republicans of repute, is inquiring into the charges preferred by the mudslingers of yellow journalism, and the evidence of such distinguished Democrats as Generals Wheeler and Lee, has exposed the falsity of these charges, these shameless scribblers are screeching "whitewash" in their desperate effort to bolster up a bad cause by discrediting the War Investigating Commission.

The Ventura Free Press has hoisted the name of Hon. Thos. R. Bard of Ventura as the successor of Hon. Stephen M. White in the U. S. Senate.

"Ingenuity has no device for the circulation of money equal to the payment of wages to well employed labor."—Henry T. Gage.

READ CAREFULLY.

The following six simple rules will, if observed, insure correct voting. Read them carefully and paste them in your hat:

1. Use the stamp only in marking.
2. To vote a straight ticket, stamp opposite the party title, and do no other stamping or marking.
3. If you do not vote straight, stamp opposite the name of each candidate of your selection, and do no other stamping or marking.
4. Fold your ballot until the printed number appears on the outside of a narrow slip made by the folding.
5. Vote for constitutional amendments or against them by stamping

opposite the "Yes" or "No" appearing after each amendment number.
6. Read the card of instructions in the booth, if you have any doubt as to any point.—Coast Advocate.

Making people tired makes no votes. Campaign people should remember this.—Coast Advocate.

How Grant Ran.

In September, 1875, there was a reunion of the Army of the Cumberland at Utica, N. Y., at which President Grant, General Sherman, General Hooker, General Slocum and Governor Seymour were present.

Long and loud cries arose for "Grant! Grant!" who, slowly rising from his chair, expressed his pleasure at being with his friends, but his dislike at being asked to speak and his diffidence in doing so.

"But there are those," he added dryly, pointing to Sherman and others, "who are not troubled with any sort of diffidence."

The three generals present made witty, telling speeches, and then arose cries for "Seymour! Seymour!"

The governor, who had been the defeated Democratic candidate against Grant for the presidency in 1868, came forward and said:

"I think I have some soldierly traits myself. At all events, General Grant, you must acknowledge that in a little contest you and I had a few years ago you ran a great deal better and farther than I did."

This telling allusion to the presidential contest brought down the house. General Grant, convulsed with laughter, rose and bowed his acknowledgments.—Youth's Companion.

A Much Mourned Mother.

When Shafter was senior colonel of the army, he was temporarily in charge of some western post and numbered in his command an exceedingly bright, capable fellow whose cleverness was continually getting him the noncommissioned stripes and whose escapades were just as frequently getting him reduced to the ranks. One day this soldier turned up at Shafter's quarters with a long face and applied for leave to attend the funeral of his mother, who had died the previous night, he said, in the town. The request was granted, but later on, in looking over the same records, the colonel discovered that the same man had been granted leave the month before on the identical pretext. Shafter said nothing, but a couple of days afterward encountered the bereaved warrior on parade ground. "Look here, my man," said Pecos Bill solemnly, "I want to ask you a question. Were you good to that mother of yours while she was alive?"

"Well, sir—yes, sir—that is, I hope so," stammered the culprit, not knowing what was coming.

"I hope so, too," replied the colonel. "I've heard of mothers dying for their sons, but never of one dying twice in 30 days for one. You may go in mourning for a month—at the guardhouse."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Eye Massage.

Whenever your organs of sight feel weak, do not claw at them with the knuckles, so to express it. You must not massage your eyes the same way you would the stronger parts of the body. They need help from the hands, but this help must be administered in a very gentle and delicate method.

John Quincy Adams had a way of treating his eyes, which, it is said, preserved their vision to old age, without the help of spectacles.

This was to place his thumb and forefinger each upon an eyelid and gently rub them toward the nose a number of times each day. The action encourages circulation of blood in that locality, does away with the tiny spots that sometimes float before the vision and prevents that flattening of the lenses which causes dimness of sight at a certain focus.

It is wonderful how much good can be done the eyes of people of all ages by using this simple exercise 10 or 15 minutes each day.

If you are where it may not be convenient to measure time, as in the dark, it is well to count the number of passes made by the fingers over the eyes until you have reached the number that you have demonstrated by experiment that time will allow.—New York Ledger.

In the Wrong Place.

A characteristic story of General Scott is told in connection with the sword presented to him by the state of Louisiana, through the legislature, at the close of the Mexican war.

He was accosted one day by a man who said: "General Scott, I had the honor of doing most of the work on the sword presented to you by the state of Louisiana. I should like to ask if it was just as you would have chosen."

"It's a very fine sword, sir, a very fine sword indeed," said the general. "I am proud to have it. There is only one thing I should have preferred different. The inscription should have been on the blade, sir. The scabbard may be taken from us, but the sword, never!"

The sword cost about \$500, the principal expense being in the scabbard, which was richly chased and ornamented.—Exchange.

Incident of Trolley Travel.

"What the dash are you here for?" said an angry passenger, stepping down slowly from the footboard of a trolley car. He thought the conductor should have looked out for him and stopped the car where he wanted to get off, a block back.

"I'll show you what I'm here for," said the conductor, reaching for the bellcord (ting, ting!) as he spoke, and "Zip, zip, zip," came the sound of the motorman's lever turning in the notches, and

"Bs-z-z-z-z-z!" sang the trolley, and before he knew it the passenger found himself standing alone in the middle of the road.—New York Sun.

POLITICAL CARDS.

For Superintendent of Schools,

E. M. TILTON,

(Present Incumbent)

Regular Republican Nominee

M. H. THOMPSON,

Regular Republican Nominee for

Clerk and Recorder,

Of San Mateo County.

For Sheriff,

JOSEPH H. MANSFIELD,

Regular Democratic Nominee

NATURE'S EPITAPH.

Who knows where the graveyard is
Where the fox and the eagle lie?
Who has seen the obsequies
Of the red deer when they die?

With death they steal away
Out of the sight of the sun,
Out of the sight of the living; they
Pay the debt and are done.

No marble marks the place;
The common forest floor
Covers them over with Quaker grace—
Just where they laid them down.

But a few years, if you see
In summer a deeper green
Here and there, it is like to be
The spot where their bones have been.

Thus, not more, to the poor dead year
No grave nor ghostly stone,
But a greener life and a warmer cheer
Be the only sign that he's gone.

—Christian Register

BURNE-JONES.

Rossetti's Influence In Causing the Artist to Hypocrite His Name.

It may or may not be true that it was Rossetti who urged Burne-Jones, when at the outset of his career, to connect with a hyphen "Burne" and "Jones," says William Sharp in The Atlantic. "Jones" is nobody," Rossetti would declare, "only a particle of a vast multitude! But Burne-Jones—that is unmistakable!"

It was an amusing trait in Rossetti that he was wont to designate the good work of this or that friend as the work of—and he would mention the most distinctive name or part name of the person concerned. Thus he would say, "Yes, that is Burne-Jones, but this, this here, you know, is only Jones," or "That now is the real Holman Hunt, but this here is only Hunt," or, "You can hear Tennyson in that, but Alfred wrote the other lines."

I recall two amusing instances where Burne-Jones more or less unconsciously adopted the same method. He was asked once if he thought William Bell Scott more eminent as a poet or as an artist. "I never thought very highly of Bell," he replied. Then, seeing a look of surprise, added, with a humorous twinkle, "I liked old Bell Scott—old Scotus, as we always called him—immensely, and I think William Bell Scott wrote some very fine verse, but I always thought it was a pity that Bell took to painting!"

The other instance occurred when some one remarked to him that "Parnell was only an agitator." "Charles Stewart Parnell," he replied with emphasis, "was one of the greatest public men of our day and far away the ablest Irish leader." "But Parnell," etc., resumed the objector, to be again corrected by the other disputant, "Charles Stewart Parnell," etc.

The Troubles of a Prophet.

"How hit happen, Brudder Johnsing, dat yo' dun quit preachin down in Alabama a'reddy?"

"W'y, my ch'ch quit payin tenshun to ennything I say an dun shet off my salary."

"Dey mus' be mighty bad lot o' brotherin an sisterin down dar."

"No, dey hain't so pow'ful bad, but after I went to profisyin I lost all manner o' control o' the entire gang."

"Dat so?"

"Yaas, you see I dun bin profisyin bout what comin to pass an what gwine to happen to all dem mean niggers wut wudden pay de preacher, an kollections wuz jest comin in fine twell one day de sisterin ax me wut kind o' weather we gwine to hab fur de possum supper festful, an I tell um hit sho will be de fines' sort, fer bekase I wuz mighty hongry an wanted de supper to sho cum off. But, suh, hit rained an sleeted an cum two or three skykoons, an den I seed my 'fluence wid my way-'ard brudderin wuz sholy busted. De salary kollections tuck de drags, an no matter how I exhausted my flock ner how I profisyed dey wuz sho fer de blaz in lake, dey jest sot dar an laffed at me an wudden pay me nurry red cent ner gin me de turkey dinner, ner nuthin."—Atlanta Journal.

Boxing a Bride's Ear.

In Lithuania, a province of Russia, it is customary that the bride's ears should be boxed before the marriage ceremony. No matter how tender hearted the mother may be she always makes it a point of administering a hearty smack to her daughter in the presence of witnesses, and a note is made of the fact. The mother's intention is a kind one, though the custom itself is bad. The reason for it is to protect the bride should her marriage prove an unhappy one. In that case she will sue for a divorce, and her plea will be that she was forced into the marriage against her will, and on that score the verdict of the judge will be in her favor.

Big Similarity.

"The minister and the policeman," said the young and cynical boarder, "are inseparable adjuncts of civilization."

"They are very much alike," said the cheerful idiot. "One is a pairer, and the other is a peeler."

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for Sample Ladies' or Gents' Suits,
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House Broker.

--- NOTARY PUBLIC.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,
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SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOCAL NOTES.

The Company's water reservoir was cleaned out last Sunday.

George Eaglan has been appointed foreman at the stock yards.

Go and hear George Kneese's graphophone sing "Rally 'Round the Flag."

Joseph Gibson has a contract to put in 100 feet of sewer on Baden avenue.

Born.—In this town, on Saturday, October 15, 1898, to the wife of E. Rudey, a son.

For fire insurance in first-class companies only, call on E. E. Cunningham, at the Postoffice building.

Contractor and Builder Lyman has work well under way on the Cohen building on Grand avenue.

Frank M. Granger, San Mateo county's popular and efficient Tax Collector, was in town on Wednesday.

J. E. Sullivan has removed from the Merriam Block and has occupied a portion of the residence of Mr. Charles Johnson.

Casca Ferrine Bitters, the only laxative tonic, will tone up your system if out of order. For sale at Holcombs' drug store.

Mickey Griffin, the "irrepressible," independent candidate for Justice of the Peace for the First Township, was in town Wednesday.

After a very severe illness, which confined her to her bed for ten days, Mrs. Cunningham has recovered sufficiently to be about again.

The Baden Hotel is being enlarged by a substantial addition, comprising a new kitchen, store room, bedroom, etc. Tom Harlin has charge of the work.

The Rev. T. Duncan Ferguson will hold services at Grace Church, on Sunday, at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7:30 o'clock p. m. Sunday-school at 10 o'clock a. m.

Letters were received the past week from Frank Holcomb and Harvey Kinght in far-away Manila. Both the soldier boys were well and getting used to campaigning in the tropics.

J. A. Brucher, contractor and builder, has commenced work on the buildings and improvements of Frank Martin's lot on Baden avenue. When completed, two very handsome modern cottages will be added to that portion of our growing young city.

The ball given by our popular landlord, Henry Michenfelder of the Armour Hotel, on Saturday evening, October 15, was a success in every sense. The candidates did not materialize in any appreciable numbers, but the every-day good people did, and everybody danced to their heart's delight and went home happy in the morning.

Within the past three months the following named buildings have been erected or commenced, and are now under way. Peter Lacheje, small cottage; Mrs. Vestey, cottage of four rooms and bath; C. J. Benjamin, two cottages each of four rooms and bath; Mr. Burchard, cottage of three rooms and a bath; Christian Graf cottage, four rooms. Mr. D. O. Daggett, two-story building of two residence flats, each of four rooms and bath. Mr. F. O. Clawson cottage, of four rooms, with bath. G. W. Bennett building, comprising one flat and three stores; Frank Martin, two cottages, each of four rooms, with bath. Mrs. Cohen, two-story building, store and residence. These buildings afford dwellings for thirteen families. Notwithstanding the fact that buildings have been recently erected in our town, which will provide dwelling places for thirteen families, those completed have been occupied as soon as ready, and the remainder are engaged by waiting tenants, and this, too, without taking any account of the addition we are to receive to our population, through the opening of the Fuller paint and oil works some time about the first of the new year. We are reliably informed that with the opening of those works something over eighty families will be added to our population at one stroke. This means that we should have eighty additional dwellings, either in the way of cottages or flats. It is time the property owners here began to hustle. There is no risk in building cottages or small dwelling-houses in this town at present.

BEAUTY IS BLOOD DEEP.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

IMPORTANT.

Tax Collector Frank M. Granger has given notice to the taxpayers of San Mateo county that the taxes for 1898 on all personal property secured by real property, and taxes on one-half of all real property are now due and payable, and that the same will become delinquent on the last Monday in November, 1898, at 6 o'clock p. m. That in case said taxes are not paid prior to said last named date, the sum of 15 per cent will be added hereto.

Tax Collector Granger will be at the store of Mr. Julius Eikerenkotter in this place, on Friday, October 28, 1898, for the purpose of receiving taxes.

EDUCATE YOUR BOWELS WITH CASCARETS.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c., 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

SECOND ANNUAL BALL.

The Journeymen Butchers' of our town will give their second annual ball on next Saturday evening, October 29, 1898, at their hall, on Grand avenue. This ball, like all the entertainments given under the auspices of the local lodge of Journeymen Butchers, will be first-class and worthy the patronage of every citizen of our town. The efforts of these young men to build up and strengthen their fraternal and benevolent association should be encouraged, as such associations are a material and moral benefit to the communities in which they are established. If you enjoy fine music and good dancing, don't fail to be present. If you are too old to dance, then buy a ticket, anyhow, and thus encourage a most laudable association.

Editor Enterprise: Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will give its second annual ball on the evening of Saturday, October 29, 1898, at their hall. First-class musicians have been engaged for the occasion, and the committee has done everything in its power to make their ball a great success.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, will meet hereafter every Wednesday evening, at 7:30, instead of 8 o'clock. A dispensation has been granted to Progress Camp by the Head Consul Woodmen of the World to admit new members for a limited time, at the rate of \$3. Undoubtedly many persons will take advantage of this opportunity to join the Order and so secure protection for their dependent ones against a possible time of need.

V. H.

UNION COURSING PARK.

Firm Friend a Game Old Dog.

He Captures the Champion Stake at Union Park.

The gritty old dog Firm Friend captured the champion stake at Union Coursing Park yesterday after game good work. He defeated Theron, Royal Prize and False Flatterer in order, and was on the short end of the betting at 5 to 3 in the final course. The short-end followers had a fine day of it. Quiver was their best card. She won Saturday at 7 to 1, and yesterday at 4 to 1, and at 3 to 1 from Bendalong and Montana respectively.

The best short end of the day was Douglas, who won from Prince Hal, the stake favorite, at 1 to 7. Glenstone, Austin's other hound, defeated Snap-shot, a 2 to 1 favorite, in the following course. Peaceful Glen turned the tables on Douglas and beat him in the next round, when he was a 3 to 1 favorite. Ida won the reserve stake after the best dogs had killed themselves off by long courses.—S. F. Chronicle.

A SURE THING FOR YOU.

A transaction in which you cannot lose is a sure thing. Biliousness, sick headache, furred tongue, fever, piles and a thousand other ills are caused by constipation and sluggish liver. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the wonderful new liver stimulant and intestinal tonic are by all druggists guaranteed to cure or money refunded. C. C. C. are a sure thing. Try a box to-day; 10c., 25c, 50c. Sample and booklet free. All druggists.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

TWO MILLIONS A YEAR.

When people buy, try, and buy again, it means they're satisfied. The people of the United States are now buying Cascarets Candy Cathartic at the rate of two million boxes a year, and it will be three million before New Year's. It means merit proved, that Cascarets are the most delightful bowel regulator for everybody the year round. All druggists 10c, 25c, 50c a box, cure guaranteed.

Growing a Grandmother.

He was a wee little man, only 3 years old, but very brave, courageous and uncomplaining, more courageous and uncomplaining than any one knew, for though he was only a baby he had trials to bear. The family had gone to a new country in the far west, the mamma, this little man, and the sister, a little older. It was a very new country, very different from the city in the east where they had left many friends, relatives and, nearest of all, a dear old grandmother. The mamma was so busy in her new home that she had little time for the babies except to see that they were clean and well fed. So they were lonesome, sometimes, as mamma found out one day in a way that brought the tears to her eyes.

The little 3-year-old had been very busy and very quiet making a big hole in the ground with such earnestness of purpose that she went to see what was being done.

The hole was completed when she reached the spot and in it had been placed something that she took out and examined with wondering curiosity. It was the strangest thing to go into a hole in the ground—an old dagger-type, a picture of the dear grandmother at home.

"Why, baby," exclaimed mamma, "what are you doing with this?" "I fought," said the little man with a quivering lip and all the pent up loneliness and homesickness in his voice, "I fought, maybe, if I planted it annozzer grandma would grow."

YOUR LOCAL PAPER.

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA OF WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR YOU?

And, as to What You Might Do In Return, Have You Ever Given That a Passing Thought?—An Editor's Interesting Review of the Subject.

The paper has done 50 things for you and is only anxious to do 50 more.

It told your friends when your parents were married.

It announced to the world when you were born.

It recorded the great events of your childhood, when you were lost as a wandering baby, when you had the measles and scarlet fever, when you fell into the wash tub and nearly drowned, when you fell from the cherry tree and broke your collar bone, when you first started to school and when you earned your first prize.

Later on it told how you had completed the studies of the district school and how eloquently you recited your graduating oration.

It told of your entering high school or academy. It told of your contests in baseball and tennis. It told of your departure for college or your first venture in business.

It told of your various visits back to the old home neighborhood, and it always wished you well in your greatest undertakings.

It hinted modestly about the first time you went a courting and gave timely warning to "her folks" that the neighbors knew that matters were growing interesting over their way.

It announced the time of your expected wedding, and it published the notice of the marriage license and gave you a nice puff concerning the wedding ceremony.

It told of your extended honeymoon tour and of your settling down to house-keeping.

When you were sick, the home paper week by week informed your more distant neighbors of your lapses and improvements.

It told about your lost cow and led to her recovery. It told how your horse had been stolen and led to the arrest of the thief.

When you were getting dull and tired through the monotony of your labor, the paper urged that the people get up a celebration, and you were named as one of a suitable committee on arrangements. And when it was all over, it gave you just praise for the success of the undertaking.

In numerous ways the paper has helped to put your name before the people. And you would never have had your lucrative office or your honorable recognition from the community but for the kind aid of the local printer.

If you are a member of a Sunday school or society of any sort, that same paper publishes your announcements and the various proceedings of your meetings.

It tells the people much which you would like to have known, but which modesty or necessity prevents you from telling.

If you and all your folks have been prosperous and fortunate in your affairs, the paper has boasted you all the way. If you have had misfortune, the paper asked for sympathy in your behalf.

Thus the paper has rejoiced when you rejoiced and wept when you wept. If you are a good and enterprising citizen, the paper will always be your friend and will back you in your enterprises and will help to find your business friends.

It tells you where to buy and where to sell. It tells of rogues to be avoided. It tells you of current prices and prevents you from being cheated and swindled in 100 ways.

Finally, when you die, the paper will publish your obituary and will cover over your faults and will recite the story of your good deeds.

All these things the local editor will cause his paper to do, but no one else in the world will do them or can do them for you even for love or money. The outside paper is a stranger to your little world and is not at all interested in its improvement. Yet your local paper does all this free of cost to you, if you are willing to receive it that way. However, for your sake, we hope you are too generous to accept so many unrequited favors and that you are willing to reciprocate the same.

Help the editor. Be his friend, and he will prove his friendship to you. Subscribe for his paper and pay for it regularly in advance and get your neighbors to do the same.

Send him the news or occasionally a watermelon or a peck of peaches. Invite him to your picnics and family dinners, so that he can eat a square meal occasionally.

Don't call the ticket you give him to the church concert a deadhead. He can't buy tickets from everybody to everything, but he will say kind words of your performances and thus lead others to buy your tickets.

If you have anything to buy or sell, let the paper assist you to find customers. Advertising that really pays the printer benefits both advertisers and readers.

If you have any job printing to do, don't take it to an outside office, but give your newspaper the first chance.

Give the editor a pointer occasionally or write him sensible short articles and don't get mad if he fails to see everything your way. When he does say a good thing, tell him so.

In short, remember the golden rule and don't forget the editor of your local paper.—Richmond (Ind.) Enterprise.

"The Professor's Commandum."

"Professor," they said, "give us a deep metaphysical commandum."

"Well," he said after a moment's thought, "when is 'which' 'what'?" They gave it up. "When it is neither," explained the professor. And when they had studied it out they understood.—Chicago Tribune.

THE NAMING OF JOHN BULL.

Dr. Arbuthnot Was the Man Who Thus Dubbed Great Britain.

Dr. John Arbuthnot, one of the many royal physicians to whom the Scotch city of Aberdeen has given birth, was the author of John Bull's name. Almost forgotten now by all but the erudite, who remember him as the intimate of Pope and Swift, Arbuthnot christened the British nation in bulk as John Bull in the political strife incidental to the dismissal of the Whig ministry of 1710, when the able and avaricious Marlborough saw the beginning of the decline of his brilliant fortunes.

"The History of John Bull" was a satire on the political events preceding the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, written by Arbuthnot. In 1704 he had been created physician extraordinary to the queen in recognition of his services in saving the life of Anne's husband, Prince George of Denmark. He had become the queen's medical attendant, a position of no mean importance at a time when so much depended on the succession to the crown, and he was closely in touch with court life.

"For the better understanding of the following history the reader ought to know that Bull in the main was an honest, plain dealing fellow, choleric, bold and of a very inconstant temper. He dreaded not old Lewis, either at backword, single falchion or cudgel play, but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him. If you flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much on the air; his spirits rose and fell with his weather glass.

"John was quick and understood his business very well, but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts or more cheated by partners."—New York Herald.

MAKING WOOD ALCOHOL.

The Deadly Substance That Thrusts Tapers Sometimes Drink.

It is necessary first to convert wood into liquid. The strongest hydraulic pressure would not squeeze one-half of 1 per cent of the moisture from dry wood, but by putting the same material into an iron retort and converting it into charcoal by means of heat and smoke, to the extent of fully 65 per cent of the weight of the wood, may be condensed into pyroigneous acid, from which are obtained wood alcohol, acetate of lime and wood tars. A cord of wood weighing 4,000 pounds produces about 2,650 pounds of pyroigneous acid and 700 pounds of charcoal. The pyroigneous acid from one cord of wood produces 9 gallons of 82 per cent crude wood alcohol, 200 pounds of acetate of lime and about 25 gallons of tar, besides 35 bushels of charcoal. After the pyroigneous acid is neutralized with lime the wood alcohol is distilled off, the lime holding the acetic acid in solution. After the separation of the wood spirit the remaining liquid is boiled down in pans to a sugar, which is dried, and becomes the acetate of lime of commerce. Acetate of lime is used for making acetic acid.

Fully three-fifths of all the wood alcohol and acetate of lime produced in the world are made in the United States. Over 15,000 acres of forest per year are cleared in the United States. Wood alcohol affords a perfect substitute for grain alcohol for manufacturing and mechanical purposes, and at less than one-third the cost. It is used principally as a solvent in the making of shellac varnish and in making celluloid and photographic paper. It makes beautiful dye tints, is antiseptic and is used for liniments and for skin rubbing in bath-houses.—Wine and Spirit Gazette.

Buried With Eyeglasses.

Margery—Papa, why did they bury Mr. Goodman with his eyeglasses on? Papa—Well, my pet, he was near-sighted, and his widow feared he might miss the pearls gages and come back.—Jewelers' Weekly.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is steady.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at strong prices.

HOGS—Hogs are selling at strong prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are 50 lbs and under, 3 1/2¢; Ewes 3 1/2¢; Lambs—\$2.00 to \$2.25 per head, or 3 1/2¢ to 4c live weight.

Calves—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 4c; over 250 lbs 3 1/2¢.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:

Beef—First quality steers, 6 1/2¢; second quality, 5 1/2¢; First quality cows and heifers, 5 1/2¢; second quality, 4 1/2¢; third quality, 3 1/2¢.

Veal—Large, 5 1/2¢; small, 7¢.

Mutton—Wethers, 7¢; ewes, 6 1/2¢; lambs, 7¢.

Dressed Hogs—5 1/2¢.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 9 1/2¢; picnic hams, 7c; Atlanta ham, 6 1/2¢; New York shoulder, 6 1/2¢.

Bacon—Ex. L. S. C. bacon, 12 1/2¢; light S. C. bacon, 12c; med. bacon, clear, 7 1/2¢; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 8 1/2¢; clear light, 10c; clear ex. light, 10 1/2¢.

Beef—Extra Family, bbl, \$12 00; do, hf, bbl, \$6 25; Extra Mess, bbl, \$9 50; do, hf, bbl, \$5 00.

Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 7 1/2¢; do, light, 7 1/2¢; do, Bellies, 8 1/2¢; Extra Clear, bbls, \$16 00; hf-bbls, \$8 25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4 25; do, kits, \$1 20.

Lard—Fries are 9¢.

Tes. 1/4-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 4 1/2¢ 5 1/2¢ 5 1/2¢ 5 1/2¢ Cal. pure 6 1/2¢ 7 1/2¢ 7 1/2¢ 7 1/2¢

In 5-lb tins the price on each is 1 1/2¢ higher than on 5-lb tins.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2 10; 1s \$1 15; Roast Beef, 2s \$2 10; 1s, \$1 15.

Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Ladies and Children Free.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

LUMBER COMPANY

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Lime, Cement and Building Materials

All Orders Promptly Filled.

Quality as Represented.

LOWEST MARKET PRICES

Office and Yard, Foot of Grand Avenue, South San Francisco, Cal.

SPEAKING ABOUT BRICKS!

Bricks for Business Blocks, Dwellings, Roadways, Foundations, Sewers, Cisterns, Sidewalks, Mantels, Chimneys

AT KILN PRICES

Now is the time to build brick houses. Why not have the best for your money? Plans and estimates of brick houses and dwellings furnished on application at prices to suit.

BADEN BRICK COMPANY

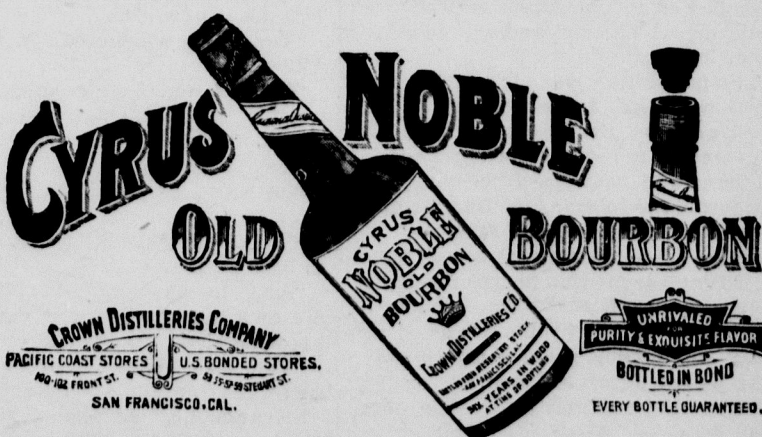
South San Francisco, Cal.

W. T. RHOADS, ARCHITECT AND BUILDER

Plans Furnished. Buildings Erected.

FIRST-CLASS WORK GUARANTEED.

LEAVE ORDERS AT POST OFFICE.



EVERYBODY SAYS SO.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

TO CURE CONSTIPATION FOREVER.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

NOTICE.

Patrons of the Postoffice at this place will please take notice that hereafter no money orders will be issued after 6:30 o'clock p. m. E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

MONEY TO LOAN

Large Sums Available

for investment on mortgage of Real Estate (City and Country) at exceptionally low rates of interest for a fixed term or redeemable by installments.

Existing Mortgages Paid Off.

Special terms quoted for loans on Life Policies, interests under Wills and Second Mortgages. All persons

Desiring Assistance to Purchase

Farms, Orchards, Hotel Businesses, etc., should apply to us. Promissory notes discounted and all financial business transacted. If your bank refuses you an overdraft, or creditors are pressing, call on or write us.

R. GOULD & CO.

131 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

ARMOUR HOTEL

Table and Accommodations The Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel.

HENRY MICHENFELDER: Proprietor.

INDIAN SUMMER.

A haze lies soft upon the hills,
The drowsy air is still,
Save where the cricket sounds his note
In accents loud and shrill.
It seems a prelude of the time
When summer will be gone—
Her verdure dead—and chilly winds
Through naked trees will mourn.

With many a keen regret we note
Faint symptoms of decay,
Though ripening fields and laden tree
Still mark the summer day.
We breathe the sweetly scented air,
We watch the swallows fly,
And feast our eyes on nature's charms,
Albeit with a sigh.

These halcyon days will soon be past!
Already, lengthening night
Encroaches on the sunny hours
And steals their warmth and light.
Not long will royal summer bright
Her gracious sceptre wield;
And autumn's pageant in the woods
To winter's reign must yield.

Shall not creation yet rejoice
In flowers that will not fade,
And hearts released from sorrow's chill
No longer be dismayed?
Oh! let us hail that blessed time
And live our lives aright,
That we may help to usher in
A summer without blight.
—Boston True Flag.

JACOB.

POSSIBLY she felt my gaze, for she turned. And her face was worthy of her figure. Two bright, blue eyes met mine for an instant before their owner walked on. I stood still. I was in love with that girl, whom ten seconds before I had never seen.

I gazed after her till she was out of sight. Then I gazed at the sacred spot on the pavement where she had stood and beheld, there lay a little purse. I picked it up reverently and hastened after her; but she was lost in the throng of Regent street.

I reached Oxford Circus and turned and retraced my steps, and presently I saw the girl again. She was gazing into another shop window. I picked my way delicately through the feminine crowd. My arm brushed hers, and the blood rushed from my heart to my ears. She turned. Our eyes met. And, by all the saints in heaven, her eyes were brown! It was not she, but some other girl dressed exactly like her.

My hand fell from my hat and I gasped an apology. I was wriggling away, when a hand grasped my wrist and tried to wrest the purse from me. I turned and beheld a large man in ill-fitting clothes.

"Ah, would you?" he said. "Quiet!" He dug his knuckles into the back of my hand. I restrained a fierce desire to inflict similar treatment on his countenance, and said, "Let go, you ass! Can't you see I'm not a pick-pocket? I picked up this purse five minutes ago, and—"

"Yes, I've heard all that before, several times; I don't want to hear it again. Have you lost your purse, miss?"

The girl with the brown eyes searched for her pocket, found it, and then felt in it.

"Yes, I have," she exclaimed. I broke out into a cold perspiration. Wrenching my wrist free, I held out the purse. "But this is not your purse."

"But it is. O, you bad, wicked man! I felt you take it!"

This settled the matter. I was marched off to Vine street between two policemen. The girl and the detective went in a cab.

The magistrate was sitting. Having been searched, I was placed in the dock and the girl in the witness box. She made a pretense of being dissolved in tears, and pathetically besought the authorities to release me. But the magistrate—a white-haired fatherly old gentleman—soothingly explained to her how necessary it was for the protection of honest people that rogues should be punished. At length this wretched woman, committing perjury for the sake of a paltry purse, suffered the oath to be administered and swore the purse was hers.

"Silence, prisoner," said the fatherly magistrate—still fatherly, but in a different way; "you will not mend matters by blasphemy. A month. Take him away!"

I was taken away to the cells and a little later to Pentonville.

In this impolite retirement I spent the seven most hideous days and nights of my life. But on the eighth day came release. A warder entered my cell and with more respect than I had yet received in the prison told me that my innocence had been discovered and that I had been pardoned for the offense I had not committed.

My good name and my clothes having been restored to me, I was requested—a refreshing change from being ordered—to step into a private room. Here I found three ladies—a majestic matron, the girl with the brown eyes who had procured me a week's living free of expense, and, marvelous to relate, the girl with the blue eyes, with whom I was still in love. Both girls were, except for their eyes, exactly alike. Twins. I began to see.

The girl with the brown eyes had tears in them. The girl with the blue eyes also had her handkerchief to her face. But this, she has since informed me, was because the humor of the affair had just struck her. She was indeed what might have seemed to me indecent mirth. The matron said gravely:

"Sir, an awful wrong has been done to you, for which I question whether we can make adequate amends. I can, however, express my most deep and sincere regret. But before I endeavor to explain, permit me to introduce myself. I am Mrs. Geoffrey Featherstone, and these are my daughters, Mabel and Alice."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Featherstone," I said. "I have already had the honor of an introduction to Miss Alice Featherstone, and the result of the introduction was such that, having no natural taste for penal servitude, I would rather not pursue the acquaintance."

"Your anger is just, Mr. Felix. But you will at least permit me to explain. On the day on which this awful thing happened my daughters wore new dresses exactly alike."

"Ah, that explains it. I see now. Doubtless that young lady in the fullness of her heart was desirous that others should share her good fortune. I, too, had a new dress on the day in question."

Miss Mabel Featherstone put her handkerchief to her face again. Mrs. Featherstone bit her lip, but proceeded. "The dressmaker had made the pockets of these dresses ridiculously shallow. Mabel declared that she would never dare to put anything in her pocket for fear of having it taken, but Alice laughed at the idea and declared that she was competent to guard her pocket if Mabel was not. They went shopping, and Alice insisted on putting her purse in her pocket. It had not been there for five minutes before Mabel, from pure love of mischief, took it out unperceived by Alice and put it in her own pocket. The girls became separated in Regent street, and the purse must have fallen out of Mabel's pocket when you saw her. Alice did not miss it till she saw it in your hand, and then—what could she think?"

"O, Mr. Felix," exclaimed Alice, "please forgive me! O, please say you will try to forgive me. Mabel and I had a tiff over those wretched pockets, and we did not speak for a whole week till this morning, when she came to make it up. To my horror she presented me with another purse in place of the one she had lost, and then I saw what a fearful thing I had done."

There was a short silence. And then I laughed, heartily and long. I dined with the Featherstones that evening. And—er—well, to put the matter in a nutshell, my wife has blue eyes, clear and bright, like glimpses of heaven. To some extent I deserve my Rachel. Did I not serve seven days for her?—The Windsor Magazine.

HIS PRESUMPTION.

He Thought She Would Tumble Into His Arms, but She Didn't.

"No," said Evangeline Glendenning, as she looked down at the floor and nervously twisted her slim little fingers; "no, Alfred, I am sorry, but it cannot be."

Alfred Doncaster had loved the beautiful girl from the moment he had first seen her, and he had fondly believed that she looked upon him with more than ordinary favor.

But now his hopes lay shattered and the future stretched out black before him.

The strong, handsome young man sighed, and was silent for a long time. At last the sweet maiden said:

"Try to be brave, Alfred. Look at me. See how I am bearing up."

He turned toward her in wonder, and said:

"Why should you bid me do this? What have you to bear up under?"

She shrank back a little and replied: "Oh, Alfred, if you only knew!"

"Evangeline!" he cried, catching her in his arms and holding her in a strong embrace, "you love me! Ah, darling, you cannot hide the truth from me! Tell me it is so!"

"Yes," she whispered, "I love you, Alfred!"

"Oh, heaven!" he groaned, "this is terrible, terrible! Oh, if you only hated me—loathed me! Then my fate would be less bitter."

She was frightened and drew away from him.

"Why," she asked, "do you want me to hate you?"

"Ah," he answered, "I might bear my own burden, but how can I suffer knowing that you, too, suffer?"

"Yet, why should either of us suffer?" the trembling girl inquired.

"Evangeline," he almost hissed, "do not jest with me! Why should we suffer? Are we not doomed to everlasting separation and misery? Are we not to be—"

"Oh," she interrupted, "you're not going to let a little bluff stop you right at the start, are you? Did you want me to tumble into your arms the first thing, as if I had been merely waiting for the word? You must be new at this business."

Then she became so angry that it took Alfred Doncaster nearly seven minutes to win her back again.

Oldest Doll.

What is probably the oldest doll in existence, a little figure rudely carved in wood, is in the British Museum. It was found in the sarcophagus of an Egyptian Princess, 300 B. C. When the wrappings were unfolded from the body the baby fingers still clasped the doll.

Women Hod Carriers.

In Bucharest, Roumania, women perform some of the severest forms of labor. They mix mortar and carry it, as well as the bricks, to the topmost stories of buildings in course of construction.

Some machines have automatic attachments and some have sheriff's attachments.

Some women speak much to a man's heart and but little to his mind.

FINE ROYAL PALACES

SPANIARDS CLAIM THE TWO HANDSOMEST ON EARTH.

Description of the Royal Palace, of Madrid, and the Gorgeous Escorial—One Has 10,000 Rooms and Both Cost the Enormous Sum of \$50,000,000.

The old proverb, "Rich king, poor people," has its illustration in the Spain of to-day, for, although the people of the nation are miserably poor and the state is bankrupt, the king is rich. The kings of Spain, with few exceptions, have all been rich; their private fortunes, abstracted, squeezed, or stolen outright from the people they governed, making them rank among the wealthiest capitalists on the globe. Queen Christina is enormously rich in her own right, and when the young king comes to the throne he will be one of the richest men on earth.

The wealth of its kings and the vanity of the Spanish people have prompted the building of many splendid royal



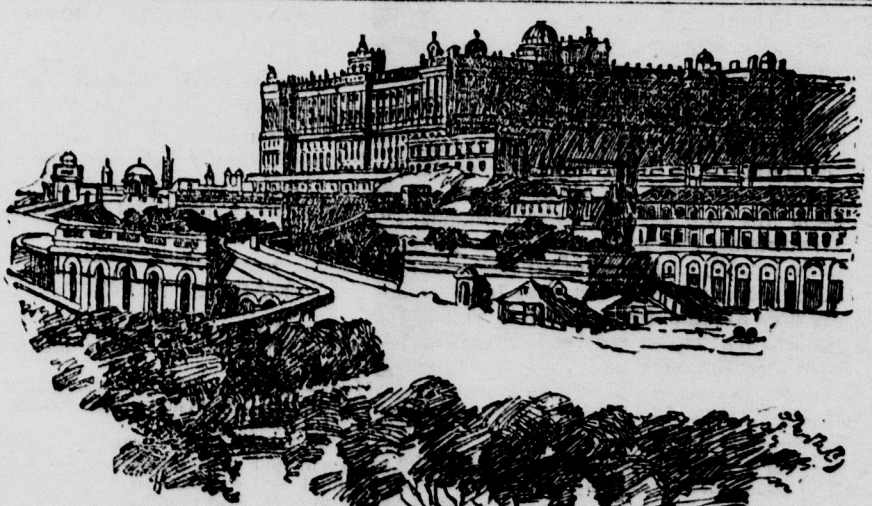
THE ESCURIAL.

residences, so that while the people were sometimes starving the king was spending millions on his palaces. In consequence of the desire to make a creditable appearance before outsiders Spain is, therefore, provided with royal palaces in abundance. Under the name of villas, country houses, or hunting lodges, they are to be found in almost every province, and, although for many years few of them have been occupied, and some are in decay, they still remain the property of the crown, monuments of Spanish pride.

The two finest palaces in the world are in Spain, the royal palace in Madrid and the Escorial. The former is of granite and marble, a huge square structure, and of a size so vast as to occasion astonishment simply at the ground it covers. Four ordinary city blocks of 300 feet on each side are required for the site, and the arrangement of the windows and of the columns on the outside gives the impression of a size much greater. It was commenced early in the last century, when Spain was in her glory, when the viceroys and captains general of America were still sending home to the king, twice a year, fleets or galleons laden with the wealth of the provinces. The approaches to the palace are described by architectural authorities as the noblest stairs and terraces on the globe. The hill is climbed by one flight of marble steps after another, changing and turning in such a way as to convey to the eye of the observer an almost endless perspective, crowned by the

eighty staircases, 1,110 outside windows overlooking its courts, fourteen gates and eighty-six fountains. The great church of the monastery is equal in its dimensions to some of the largest in Christendom. It is a model of St. Peter's; 364 feet long, 230 wide, with seven aisles, forty chapels, a dome 330 feet high, an altar of costly marbles and alabaster rises ninety feet, and is fifty feet in width. Beneath the high altar, so placed in order that the kings should rest under the most hallowed spot in Spain, is the mausoleum of Spanish royalty, a building within the crypt, constructed on the plan of the Pantheon in Rome. Here in niches one above another are the caskets of all the kings of Spain since Charles V. It is said that only one niche remains vacant, and the Spaniards have a superstition that when that niche is filled there will be no more kings in Spain.

The Escorial and the royal residence in Madrid, while they are monuments of the former glory and wealth of Spain, are also records of its misgovernment. Over \$20,000,000 was spent on the Madrid palace, nearly \$30,000,000 on the Escorial, millions more were annually squandered in keeping up these two gorgeous and useless establishments, while the roads were neglected and public works of every kind were absolutely ignored. They are thoroughly in consonance with the Spanish character, only in a land where the beggars proudly wrap about them their tattered cloaks and call each other senior could such edifices be built.



ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID.

great white palace at the summit. At no point on the long stairway is one out of sight of the noble building; to keep it constantly in view was the object of the builders, and so the tiers of steps, with their marble balustrades, serve no mean purpose in enhancing the impressions of the building.

Within, the palace defies description. It is said that there are over 10,000 rooms and halls. It is a maze of passages; its various quarters are entirely distinct, one from another; though communication is easy all over the building, there are old attendants who have spent their lives under its roof and have not visited all its rooms. The apartments for the royal family form only a small portion of the monstrous palace. There are audience halls which rival in size the great public halls of other European capitals; there are theaters with thousands of seats; there are picture galleries; there are private chapels, which in size eclipse the city churches of America. There are throne rooms and council chambers; hundreds of rooms are given up to the attendants and guards, for Spanish royalty is proud, and though the reality of power has departed, still clings to its shadow.

The other great royal palace, the Escorial, is so called from the name of the village in which it is located, twenty miles from Madrid. The Escorial was originally a monastery, and had its foundation in a vow of Philip II. who,

on August 10, 1557, when his army was drawn up in array to fight the battle of St. Quentin, promised St. Lawrence, whose feast it was, that, if victory perched upon the Spanish banner, he would build in honor of the saint the noblest monastery in the world. St. Lawrence was gracious, the Spaniards carried the day, and Philip immediately proceeded to fulfill his vow.

The emblem of St. Lawrence is the gridiron on which he suffered martyrdom, and the ground plan of the building represents this domestic instrument, seventeen ranges of buildings forming the frame and crossbars, while a wing 400 feet long is the handle. The edifice is gigantic in its proportions; 740 feet from north to south do its walls extend, and 580 from east to west; the average height of the walls being about sixty feet, while the four towers at the corners are each 200 feet in height. It contains the royal palace and chapel, 200 monastic cells, three churches, two colleges, three libraries, besides halls, throne rooms, dormitories, hospitals, refectories and innumerable apartments for attendants. Some idea of its extent may be gained by the simple statement that it has

VINEYARDS OF THE RHINE.

An Immense Amount of Labor Is Expended to Cultivate Them.

There is a railroad on each side of the river, but on neither side does the traveler by rail get an adequate idea of the vineyards; it is necessary to take the boat for that, or better still, a small boat that can skirt the shores. Then he sees what an immense amount of labor has been expended upon them. Here are hills on both sides that may roughly be estimated at three hundred or five hundred feet high, with the river flowing between them, and broken here and there by rocky cliffs. Not hills rising abruptly from the water, but sloping gently to the summit. In most places the ascent is not steep enough to prevent a man from climbing them with ease. But everywhere the descent is rapid enough to make cultivation next to impossible if they were left in a state of nature. So, for miles and miles the hills on both sides have been terraced. Beginning at the bottom, they build a stone wall six to ten feet high, and dig enough earth out of the side of the hill to fill in behind it, and make a smooth patch, say twenty feet wide, just on a level with the top of the wall. That makes a little field twenty feet wide, and as long as you like. Then at the inner side they build another wall, and repeat the process. When they are done, there are, perhaps, twenty of these narrow fields between the river and the summit, each eight or ten feet higher than the one below it. And these terraces do not run straight across the vineyard parallel with the river, but so zigzagging here and zigzagging there, so that the workmen can step sometimes from the highest point of one wall to the lowest point of the wall above it.

These thousands of miles of stone-walled terraces make it wholly unnecessary to ask whether this hillside land is valuable. Only land that produces the very best grapes would be worth spending so much money upon. And, naturally, in such a place the cultivation is kept up to the very highest point. You may walk through mile after mile of the Rhine vineyards without seeing a weed. The owners do not even waste enough of their vineyard to build their dwellings among the vineyards. There are no dwellings on the hillsides; only here and there a tottering old castle, generally with a closed-up tunnel at the foot of the hill beneath it, a suggestion of underground passages. The owners and their men live either on top of the hill or at its foot, on the river bank.

What Is That Noise?

The town of Thompson, Connecticut, counted itself fortunate in having among its early citizens Mr. Benjamin Wilkinson, who did so much to promote the prosperity of the village. Under his auspices the waste land about the meeting-house was transformed into an attractive common and training field. He cut down the brush, dragged off stones and dug out tree-stumps.

Mr. Wilkinson made a rule to plant a peachstone beside every rock on his premises, and also along the roadside, that boys, travelers and churchgoers might have a free supply. Under his skillful administration the old tavern-stand became more popular than ever, and was a place of great resort for public meetings and merry makings. In winter it served as a "Sabbaday-house"; the shivering congregation were glad to find warmth, and perhaps something more stimulating, beside its glowing hearth.

As a native of Rhode Island, Mr. Wilkinson's views of Sabbath-keeping were known to be a shade less than those of his neighbors, but he had never been detected in any overt transgression till one particular Sunday, when all through service the congregation was disturbed by what sounded like the creaking of a very rusty-handled grindstone out in the back yard.

Even Mr. Wilkinson could not be indulged in such an outrage, and proper officials waited upon him at intermission and solemnly called him to account.

"That you should be turnin' a grindstone on the Sabbath-day! It seems impossible. What do you mean?" they demanded.

Mr. Wilkinson promptly denied the charge.

"Why, we hear it now," retorted his accusers, as the long-drawn creak became distinctly audible.

"Come along and see for yourselves," said the landlord, with a broad smile on his face, and he led them into his dooryard and pointed to a pair of Guinea hens—the first brought to Thompson—whose doleful cries had subjected their owner to so serious an imputation.—Youth's Companion.

A Quiet Burglar.

In Bloomsbury, England, the other night a lady, being awakened by a noise, opened the door, to be confronted by an utter stranger. The position was so entirely novel that the conventions of society were lost sight of. The only remark that occurred to her was: "Who are you?" With equal frankness, he replied: "I am a burglar!" Then, perceiving that this failed to put her at ease, he added: "But a very quiet one." The entrance of the police put an end to what promised to be a very interesting description of his character and methods of procedure.

He Wanted to Know.

The Employer (coldly)—Why are you so late?

The Suburbanite (guiltily)—There were two wrecks on the track this morning, and—

The Employer (testily)—Who was the other one?—New York Journal.

Some men's idea of making a night of it is their inability to remember anything the next morning.

EVANS AND EMPEROR FRITZ.

They Were More than Friends, but the Doctor Was a Trifle Jealous.

Dr. Evans was more than a friend of the late Emperor Frederick and his wife. But he was annoyed at the confidence they placed in Sir Morell Mackenzie about whose treatment he had strong views. Evans' opinion greatly influenced the opinion of the old Emperor and Empress, of Bismarck, and of the Berlin physicians, about the throat doctor from London. Evans was originally a Quaker. The theatrical and society tastes of Sir Morell Mackenzie were repugnant to him. His feeling about them made him scrutinize keenly the man and his treatment. But the crown princess had a strong bias, and followed it. Dr. Evans was given impressions of all photos taken of Frederick during his illness. The later ones, which were signed by him, were inexpressively sad. The signature was bold, free, characteristic, and written slantingly in gold ink across the lower part of the image. Above it were a few friendly words. In the photos taken at San Remo martyrdom was stamped on the face. The crown prince then could not speak. He generally wrote on a slate.

Dr. Evans asked him to write on black cards or tablets the size of the slate, when he had occasion to communicate with him. "Why?" asked the prince. "I want to have them as a precious relic for my wife." The request was complied with. Very seldom, indeed, did the handwriting betray weakness, but it became sharp and attenuated. It showed an habitual wish to give a noble air to what he wrote. There was something in the general character that reminded one of Queen Victoria's signature, but it was more emotional than hers. Dr. Evans, while speaking quite candidly of his human weakness, called him a lump of goodness.—London Truth.

A PLUCKY WOMAN.

She Walked 1,000 Miles Through the Snows and Ice of the Arctic.

Mrs. M. A. Humel reached the Klondike, but to do it the plucky little Swedish woman had to walk 1,000 miles in the dead of arctic winter over the frozen Alaskan wastes, from the mouth of Minook Creek to Dawson City. Mrs. Humel was one of 650 persons who left Seattle in August, 1897, on the steamer Humboldt. When



MRS. M. A. HUMEL.

they reached St. Michael's they found they could go no further in the vessel, but a boat was built by 300 of the passengers in which they started up the river. At Minook creek 1,000 miles from Dawson City, their progress was blocked by the ice. The party proposed to camp there all winter, but to some the delay was insupportable, and among these was Mrs. Humel, who owned a claim in the Klondike, secured by a deputy and upon which she was anxious to begin work. She made the journey on foot, enduring frightful cold, sleeping at night in a bag of skins. There were ten in the party that started to make the journey on foot, but five gave up and returned. After a journey of thirty-five days, with the thermometer 60 degrees below zero, the plucky five arrived at Dawson City.

A Manila Criminal.



The accompanying illustration shows how criminals were treated in the city of Manila under the rule of Spain.

New Building Material.

A Swiss company has a new building material called "papyristine," made from purified paper pulp obtained from waste paper. It is intended to serve as a solid roof or floor. It is a nonconductor of heat, cold or sound, is as hard as stone, has a soft linoleum feel to the foot, will not warp, weighs much less than stone or cement, and is practically indestructible. It can be made as cheaply in this country as anywhere. It stands all climates, having been used with success in the construction of houses in Northern Russia and in Brazil. Floors made of this composition being jointless, accumulations of dust, vermin or fungi are impossible.

Ponce to Key West.

It is exactly 1,070 miles from Ponce, Porto Rico, to Key West.

It's harder to save a penny than it is to earn it.

ATTIRE FOR AUTUMN.

LATEST MODES SANCTIONED BY DAME FASHION.

It is Time to Give Serious Consideration to the Matter of Wraps—Some of the Newest Ones—Indoor and Outdoor Dresses.

New York correspondence:



It is a great satisfaction, now that hot weather is past, to get into and to view new clothes. Opportunities for almost exclusive possession, for a time at least, of the new fancies exist in all grades of dressing. An instance is the gown of the initial picture, which is a successor to the suits that were freely trimmed with tucking. The newer idea trims cloth with bands of cloth in a contrasting shade secured to the gown by fancy stitches recalling the "cat stitch" of bygone days. Such stitching is done heavily and by machine, but the effect is beautiful. This gown was hunter's green, the skirt of the smooth cloth, plain except that the seams were strapped with bands of deep red French felt (a very light weight material) of almost broadcloth texture. The bands were stitched down with black cat stitching.

Fascinating as are gowns for the mid-season, it is already time to give serious consideration to wraps. The ulster is in great favor since round waist garments and bloused fronts are tabooed. The Newmarket ulster—that is, something fitting as much like an umbrella cover as possible—seems likely to come our way soon. Meanwhile, since any variation on that



TWO WRAPS AND TWO GOWNS THAT WERE NOVEL.

plainness is welcome, a long coat in Newmarket outline is attractive. It has a band finish just below the hips, and is open up the front to the bust line, where the buttons open. A turned away collar shows the under bodice again at the neck. Such a coat of serge or light weight cloaking is just the thing for early fall and can be laid away for early spring. That pictured at the left in the next illustration was bright blue serge with finish of black stitched gray felt.

Where the outer garment is to count less for warmth than as a beautifying accessory, resort is frequently had to little waistcoat jackets that recall the Eton. These are often of bright plaid, as was the one sketched here. This one, like most of its kind, fitted closely, being buttoned only across the chest and cut away below. Such jackets clear the waist line all around, have epaulet extensions at the shoulders and fasten at the neck with a simple and rather low band that is quite hidden by the big soft gauze scarf and chin bow. This jacket of leaf brown ground barred gayly with orange, scarlet and dark green was lined with bright green silk and was worn over a close fitting gown whose brown bodice was stitched



THE NEWEST BAND TRIMMING.

heavily with black. Skirt and sleeves of the dress were entirely plain. The effect of the entire costume was charming, and the jacket may serve with other gowns. When planning something that shall have the look of a wrap, yet that shall not be essentially protective, don't fail to remember the chin bow. It is especially useful in autumn, when the effect of coyness rather than of actual warmth is needed, and fashion indorses it fully.

The novelties that will attract the tailor girl are in the way of modifications on gentlemanly severity. To the fore in this

picture is a very pretty relaxation of strict tailor rules. It was in stone gray suiting, with skirt modish only in cut, but untripped. A perfectly fitting cutaway habit bodice was strapped at the edges with black and showed a dainty lawn tucked front of shirt pattern. This got over the fitted lining of the bodice and did not take from its warmth, though it gave the look of freshness so adored by tailor girls. Linen collar and stock scarf tied in front, and a tailor hat of the modified kind—that is, trimmed, but with severity—completed the costume, which the tailor girl is supposed to wear on her "off" days. On such days she can rejoice in a skirt that drags—and in her secret soul, believe it, she does rejoice—though when she has on her correct regalia she may make remarks about unsanitary trailing clothing. The costume pictured will especially delight the girl of tailor tendencies by its parade of pockets.

Gowns for making calls and church-going are pretty enough to lead women to cultivating a calling list or engaging in church work. They are in great variety, too, though most of them can be divided up into classes whose units have more or less relation to each other. Over such gowns, the calling dress the artist puts here has an advantage. It is so freshly from its designer's hands that modifications of it have not yet appeared. It was made of dull red silk-faced cloth. The skirt opened in petticoat fashion to show a front panel of the fashionable gray broadcloth so much used for finishing gowns. The bodice opened to match the skirt, both panels narrowing to a point at the waist, the upper one widening to yoke outline above. The red cloth was self-trimmed on skirt, bodice and sleeves with bias folds set on with just a little fullness. The gray panels are edged with points of red cloth stitched with black, elaboration of this kind being a feature of the season's dressmaking. A hat of felt braid, of severe and down-tipped sailor shape, had a bow of stiffened black moire ribbon and was lifted at the back by great bunches of red purple violets set thick in natural green leaves. The lining of this gown was black taffeta.

There is no end as yet to the liking for band trimming. Braid and plain velvet ribbons have had their busy day and now are resting. Trimmings still appear, however, that are employed much as these

garnitures were, but are of new sorts. Rose colored ribbon, edged and striped with black, is one of these newcomers. One method of its employment is made clear in the next picture. The ribbon was set on by one edge, and entirely covered the bodice except where the rose-cashmere of which the dress was made showed at yoke and sleeve caps. There it was stitched with scrolls of white silk. The yokes extended in a little side frill, which marked the opening of the bodice. Black satin ribbon edged yoke and bodice opening, and there was a perky bow at the head of the frill. The sleeves were covered with flat bands of the rose ribbon to match the rest, and at the wrist had only a black satin band. The skirt shows the same treatment, being trimmed about hips and hem with several rows of ribbon.

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Where Doctor's Don't Send Bills.
The doctors of Sweden never send bills to their patients. If you have occasion to call a physician you will find him not only skillful in his profession, but a highly educated and honorable gentleman. You will also have a proof of the honesty of the Swedes and their friendly confidence in each other.

What you shall pay your physician is left entirely to your own choice. The rich may pay him liberally, whether they have need of his services or not, if he has once been retained by them. The poor may pay him a small sum, and the very poor pay him nothing. Yet he visits the poor as faithfully as he does the rich.

A similar custom prevailed up to the middle of the present century in some of the most remote portions of the Highlands of Scotland. There the doctor collected his entire year's bills on a certain market day in summer, getting perhaps five or ten pounds from the larger farmers, but only as many shillings from the poorer crofters.—London Answers.

Experience Missed.
"Has he had any real, practical experience in the theatrical business?" asked the manager, who was looking for an assistant.

"No," replied Mr. Stonington Barnes, thoughtfully, "I can't say he has. He has been connected with the profession a long time, but he never, to my knowledge, was with an attraction that didn't make money enough to pay its expenses."—Washington Star.

Strength of a Spider's Web.
Size for size, the thread of a spider silk is decidedly tougher than one of steel. An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains. This is about 50 per cent. stronger than a steel thread of the same thickness.

OUR SUNDAY SERMONS

A FEW SUBJECTS FOR ALL TO PONDER OVER.

Words of Wisdom, and Thoughts Worth Pondering Upon Spiritual and Moral Subjects—Gathered from the Religious and Secular Press.



THE habit of magnifying trifling matters is very common. Most of us regard it as a weakness rather than a sin. Certainly it is a weakness. But it is also a sin. It involves self-deception of others. It is a violation of truth. It means the substitution as an object of thought and endeavor of something of little consequence for something of real importance, as if their actual value were reversed. It causes distorted views of life, misdirected effort, unsatisfying results and mental and spiritual unhappiness. They who are guilty of it soon lose the confidence of others in some measure because it becomes evident that their judgment cannot be trusted, even if nothing worse is believed of them. More is involved than the mere loss of the habit of accuracy. The habitual lack of just discrimination, the growth of a weakened and misleading sense of proportion—these affect the moral quality of life. Evils lose something, if not the whole, of their sinful quality and the good is not sure of being recognized and honored for what it is. It is hard enough to do right when we know clearly what the right is. But when we have allowed ourselves to look upon minor matters as vital, it becomes much more difficult to be sure of duty and do it.

Hallelujah!
(If God shall succeed, universal salvation will be the final result.—Rev. Dr. Gordon at Plymouth Church Memorial.) It is coming! It is coming! That of which our fathers dreamed.

When the morning light of wisdom through the mists of error streamed, And inspired their lips to prophesy a universe redeemed—
The truth is marching on!

While they labored, while they waited, while they bore the bigot's scorn, While they hailed with hearts elated souls from doubt and fear new-born, Seem they sowed in trust was quickening, spite of choking tare and thorn—
The truth is marching on!

While men bowed in outer darkness, and mistook their hate for God, While the innocent and noble bent 'neath persecution's rod And the pharisee thrust "sinners" from the holy way he trod—
The truth is marching on!

Spite of human halt and failure, spite of hearts that faint for fear, Spite of hope that sinks discouraged ere its late desire appear, Spite of souls that sleep, un mindful of the glory drawing near—
The truth is marching on!

Slowly fall the ancient shackles from the growing mind of man, As his eyes take in the meaning of the universe they scan, And God's purpose in creation stamps his vast redemptive plan—
The truth is marching on!

Then with ringing "Hallelujah!" send the word along the line! It is dawning—the conviction that our race must rise divine. It is coming! give him glory 'neath whose providence benign
All truth goes marching on!
—Christian Register.

Pain and Peace.
It is often surprising to see how much pain may be in the sensibility, and yet peace in the depths of the mind. In crossing the Atlantic some years ago we were overtaken by a gale of wind. Upon the deck the roar and confusion was terrific. The spray from the crests of the waves blew upon the face with almost force enough to blister it. The noise of the waves howling and roaring and foaming was almost deafening. But when I stepped into the engine room everything was quiet. The mighty engine was moving with a quietness and stillness in striking contrast with the war without. It reminded me of the peace that can reign in the soul while storms and tempests are howling without.—C. J. Finney.

To Love Them.
Every relation to mankind, of hate or scorn or neglect, is full of vexation and torment. There is nothing to do with men but to love them; to contemplate their virtues with admiration, their faults with pity and forgiveness. Task all the ingenuity of your mind to devise some other thing, but you can never find it. To hate your adversary will not help you; to kill him will not help you; nothing within the compass of the universe can help you but to love him. But yet that love flows out upon all around you, and what could harm you? How many a knot of mystery and misunderstanding would be untied by one word spoken in simple and confiding truth of heart! How many a solitary place would be made glad if love were there, and how many a dark dwelling would be filled with light!—Orville Dewey.

Useless Forebodings.
What a vast proportion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future—either our own or that of our dear ones! Present joys, present blessings slip by, and we miss half their sweet savor for want of faith in Him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. Oh,

when will we learn the sweet trust in God that our children teach us—we, who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust, and He, who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving? Why cannot we, slipping our hand into His each day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace and home?

A Good Man.
The good man is a useful man. He is not all ornament. He has his work to do, his place in society to fill, his influence to exert. He is truthful; others share in his goodness. He scatters blessings all along his pathway. He is no lumberer of the ground. There is neither a human nor a divine demand for his removal as useless. He is spared year after year on account of his productiveness. By his prayers, his instructions, his counsels, his example, his spirit and his deeds, he improves and benefits all who came within his reach.

Our Christian Officers.
There is probably no other country in the world that can show such a large number of Christian officers as are to be found to-day in the army and navy of the United States. Commodore Watson is a member of the Presbyterian church and is an earnest Christian. Captain Sigsbee, Captain Philip, Admirals Dewey and Sampson, Lieut. Hobson, Captain Mahan, Captain Higginson, and a large number of officers in the army, whose names might be given, are men of sterling Christian character.

Unselfish Love.
Wherever unselfish love is the main-spring of men's actions; wherever happiness is placed not on what we can gain for ourselves, but on what we can impart to others; wherever we place our highest satisfaction in gratifying our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, our wives and children, our neighbors and friends, with whom, in our daily intercourse, we come in contact, we are sure to attain all the happiness which the world can bestow.

Bright Hearts.
There are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy everywhere, and of leaving it behind them when they go. Joy gushes from under their fingers like jets of light. Their influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. It seems as if a shadow of God's own gift had passed upon them. They give light without meaning to shine. These bright hearts have a great work to do for God.—Faber.

A Stern Teacher.
God keeps a school for his children here on earth, and one of his best teachers is named disappointment. He is a rough teacher; severe in tone and harsh in his handling, sometimes, but his tuition is worth all it costs. Many of our best lessons through life have been taught us by that same old schoolmaster, disappointment.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

Turning from Duty.
When we turn away from some duty, or some fellow creature, saying that our hearts are too sick and sore with some great yearning of our own, we may often sever the line on which a divine message was coming to us. We shut out the man, and we shut out the angel who had sent him on to open the door.—Edward Garrett.

American Church Property.
The people of the United States have over \$350,000,000 invested in church property.

Subjects of Thought.
The man is usually in the right who owns himself in the wrong.

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshness.

If a man is busy, and busy about his duty, what more does he require from time or eternity?

No matter how many mistakes you may have made. The point is—what have you learned by them?

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

The mind requires not, like an earthen vessel, to be kept full; convenient food and aliment only will inflame it with a desire of knowledge and an ardent love of truth.

God, having designed man for a sociable creature, made him not only with an inclination and under the necessity to have fellowship with those of his own kind, but furnished him also with language, which was to be the greatest instrument and cement of society.

Be resolutely and faithfully what you are; be humbly what you aspire to be. Be sure you give men the best of your wares, though they be poor enough, and the gods will help you to lay up a better store for the future. Man's noblest gift to man is his sincerity, for it embraces his integrity also.

Has Lived 150 Years.
It is said that the oldest person living whose age has been proved is Bruno Costin, born in Africa, and now living in Rio Janeiro. He is 150 years old. A coachman in Moscow has lived 140 years. More people over 100 years are found in mild climates than in the higher latitudes. According to the last census of the German empire, of a population of 55,000,000, only seventy-eight have passed the hundredth year. France, with a population of 40,000,000, has 218 centenarians. In England there are 146, Ireland 578 and in Scotland 46. Sweden has 10 and Norway 23; Belgium 5, Denmark 2, Switzerland none. Spain, with a population of 18,000,000, has 401 people over 100 years of age. Of the 2,250,000 inhabitants of Servia, 575 people have passed the century mark.

ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

An English lady living in Ireland has her dog-cart provided with the biggest carriage-lamps in the country, so big, in fact, that her friends are wont to chaff her about their size; but an accident when they were lighted was looked upon as impossible. On a recent occasion, however, a wretched little donkey-trap crashed into her cart, considerably to the damage of both. "What do you mean, Micky," said the wrathful lady, recognizing the offender; "couldn't you see my lamps?" "Bedad I did, me lady," said Micky, meekly, "but I thought it was a shop windy!"

Appropos of the recent death of Dean Liddell, one of the joint authors of Liddell and Scott's Greek lexicon, a story goes that a freshman came before the dean and was asked how much he knew of Aeschylus. "Oh, I know all about Aeschylus," was the jaunty rejoinder; whereupon Dean Liddell set the young man to construe a passage, and speedily had occasion to find fault with the rendering. "Where did you get that from?" asked the dean. "I got it from your lexicon," came the answer. "Really," the dean was heard to mutter, half to himself, "I did not know that Scott was such a fool."

An American woman in London engaged a cab to convey her to Euston Station, and urged the cabby to drive fast, as her time was limited. After proceeding a quarter of a mile at a funeral pace the passenger warned the cabby to whip the horse. He did so, but the speed soon subsided to the original pace. Again the lady remonstrated, saying: "Can't you whip your horse on some tender spot to wake him up a bit?" The Jehu looked at her a moment and replied, soberly: "Well, miss, I've hit the pore 'oss all over 'is body, except 'is left ear, and I'm keepin' that for the Euston Road."

Louis Gallet, a French musician, presented himself at the director's room at the Grand Opera in Paris one evening during the administration of Eugene Ritt. The latter was a great stickler for the dignity of the place, and remarked as the visitor took off his top-coat that he was not in evening dress. "Yes, my dear director," returned Gallet, "I am come just as I was. So very much pressed. However, I have not had to cross the theater." "Ah," he sighed, "but on the stage of the Opera one ought always to be in evening dress." "Nevertheless," Gallet answered, lightly, "I just now saw Jean de Reszke, very stylish, no doubt, but in a frock coat—a frock coat!" "Yes, yet, no doubt, but—but—he is a tenor!"

Cardinal Wiseman used to tell a story of a rough Irish lad who entered the confessional of a priest and hinted at sanguinary revelations. "What, is it murder ye mane?" "Indade, an' it is, father, and a many of them. What, father, now, if it might be a matter of six or eight?" "He recounted a grewsome list. 'I don't think there were any more,' he said, doubtfully, as he closed. 'Now, what were all these people?' sternly demanded the confessor. 'Well, father, they was just tax-gatherers.' 'Tax-gatherers, is it?' exclaimed the priest; 'now why didn't ye tell that at first? There was no need to be takin' up me time; ye don't come here to gossip; ye come to confess yer sins!'"

During the early part of a dinner recently given in Washington, the guest of honor, a young married woman who is the proud mother of two very small boys, suddenly paused, with a startled look, in the midst of an animated conversation with her host, and cried: "There, if I didn't forget those boys again! Have you a telephone in the house, and may I use it?" Her host conducted her to the telephone, and presently she returned. "I do hope you will pardon me," she said, "but you see, I always have Georgie and Eddie say their prayers to me before they go to sleep. In the hurry of getting off, I forgot it to-night, so I have just called up their nurse. She brought the children to the 'phone, and they have just said their prayers over the wire, so my mind is relieved."

Lieutenant Carlin, the executive officer of the Vandalia during the terrible hurricane in the harbor of Apla, Samoa, was an enthusiastic ballplayer, and while the crew was at Mare Island, prior to their Samoan trip, he had given the preference in the selection of sailors to those who could play his favorite game. During the hurricane, after the vessel struck the reef and the men were clinging to the rigging, with the surf sweeping over the deck, many of the men were washed overboard. Lieutenant Carlin determined to make a desperate attempt to carry a line from one part of the vessel to the main yard. Into the howling wind he shouted, "I want some volunteers—good sailors!" And out of the darkness a voice replied, "Lieutenant, there ain't no sailors here, but there's plenty of ballplayers."

TO MAKE PAPER MATCHES.
Talk of Using a New Material on an Extensive Scale.

It is predicted that paper is the coming material for matches. The prospect of the wood match industry being appreciably affected by a new process for manufacturing matches of paper is held to be extremely probable, particularly as the best wood for this purpose is constantly growing scarcer and more costly. The new matches are considerably cheaper than the wooden product and weigh much less, which counts for

much in exportation. The sticks of the matches consist of paper rolled together on the bias. The paper is rather strong and porous, and, when immersed in a solution of wax, stearine and similar substances, sticks well together and burns with a bright, smokeless and odorless flame. Strips one-half inch in width are first drawn through the combustible mass and then turned by machinery into long, thin tubes, pieces of the ordinary length of wood or wax matches being cut off automatically by the machine. When the sticks are cut to size they are dipped into phosphorus, also by machinery, and the dried head easily ignites by friction on any surface. There is some talk of utilizing the new invention in the manufacture of matches on an extensive scale for export in India. The invention involves no waste whatever and the paper is delivered in rolls like the telegraph tape, and converted at one operation into match sticks, and by a second into matches that would dry without stoving for a large part of the year in India. One thing, however, must be made sure of—that a wax is used which will harden at a shade temperature of 140 degrees Fahrenheit at least.—Boston Transcript.

A SCIENTIFIC THIEF.
The Russian Thief's Dexterity Astonished Even the Czar.

One day while dining together, the French Ambassador and a Grand Duke of Russia were discussing the cleverness of the pickpockets of their respective countries. The Grand Duke claimed that the Russian pickpocket was the most skillful. Seeing the Ambassador incredulous, he told him he would, without knowing it, be relieved of his watch before leaving the table. He then telephoned to the head of the police to send at once the cleverest pickpocket he could lay his hands on. The man came and was put into livery and was told to wait at the table with the other servants. He was to give the Grand Duke a sign as soon as he had done the trick.

But this was not given very soon, for the Ambassador was very wary and always kept on the alert and held his hand on his fob, even when conversing with the most distinguished guests.

At last the Grand Duke received the preconcerted signal. He at once requested the Ambassador to tell him the time. The latter triumphantly put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a potato instead of his watch. To conceal his feelings he would take a pinch of snuff—his snuff box was gone. Then he missed his ring from his finger, and his gold toothpick, which he had been holding in his hand in its little case.

Amid the hilarity of the guests the sham lackey was requested to restore the articles, but the Grand Duke's merriment was changed into alarm and surprise when the thief produced two watches, two rings, two snuff boxes, etc. His Imperial Highness then made the discovery that he himself had been robbed at the same time that the French Ambassador had been despoiled so craftily.—Syracuse Standard.

The "E Flat" Horn of Santiago.

At the battle of Santiago, when the army moved forward in the charge—you probably have all read the account of it in the newspapers, how the man who played the E flat horn in the band left his place in the band and rushed forward with the soldiers in the attacking column. Now you know the band's place is in the rear. They have no gun or sword, they cannot fight, and their position is in the rear of the column, out of danger. But this man, un mindful of everything, broke away and went far up the hill with the charge, carrying his horn over his shoulder, slung with a strap. For a time he went along unobserved, until one of the officers happened to see him. And he said to him, "What are you doing here? You can't do anything; you can't fight; you haven't any gun or sword. This is no place for you. Get down behind that rock." The soldier fell back for a minute half dazed, and feeling the pull of the strap on his shoulder replied, "I can't do anything, I can't fight." And so he got down behind a rock. But almost instantly he raised his horn and began to play that grand old air, "The Star-Spangled Banner." They heard him down in the valley, and immediately the band took it up, and in the midst of those inspiring strains the army charged to victory. I would rather have heard that soldier, playing "The Star-Spangled Banner" behind the rocks at Santiago, than to hear the finest and most perfect music that Theodore Thomas ever produced, which had no soul in it, though much of Thomas' music has.—Col. R. W. Conwell.

Watchdogs on the Water.

It is a common thing to find a dog on coasting vessels making apparently short trips, on wood schooners, for example, and other vessels so engaged, that they are frequently tied up at wharves or anchored in harbors. Dogs are also found on fishing boats and on oyster boats. These are mostly kept for watchdogs, and they serve this purpose well. The thief who strolls down a wharf or pokes around a harbor with intent to board a boat that is anchored is apt to think twice about it if he sees a big dog standing with his hind feet on the deck and his fore feet on the rail, waiting eagerly for a chance to nab him the moment he puts a foot on deck.—New York Sun.

The World's Sheep.

The number of sheep in the world is estimated to amount to 550,000,000. Of this number, between one-third and one-half are believed to be merinoes.

It's hard enough under any circumstances for a bachelor to hold a baby, but it's simply torture when the baby's mother is the girl who jilted him two years before.

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South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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